

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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MORE POSTER STAMPS THIS WEEK

See
Inside

WHAT CAN BE DONE TRANSFORMING A TOWN CENTRE

The Civic Pride of Rochdale
and Its Great Achievement

CHANCE FOR OUR IDLE MEN

All over the country lies work waiting for our idle men to do. What is needed is that the men and the work should be brought together, and that the money paid to men for doing nothing should be paid to them for doing something.

It is only recently that the last few touches have been given to a great scheme of public work which has transformed the heart of one of our Lancashire towns, Rochdale.

Rochdale offers a shining example, for she began her work of reconstruction out of pure civic pride, before the war came to upset all our ideas of life, patiently taking it up again as soon as she could, and putting finishing touches to it only in the last few months.

Rochdale's Far-Sightedness

The River Roach, though small and not too clean, has made itself felt at Rochdale. To begin with, it is responsible for the name of this Lancashire cotton town, and years ago it cut the town into two parts. It was the inconvenience this caused which led to a very notable piece of town-planning.

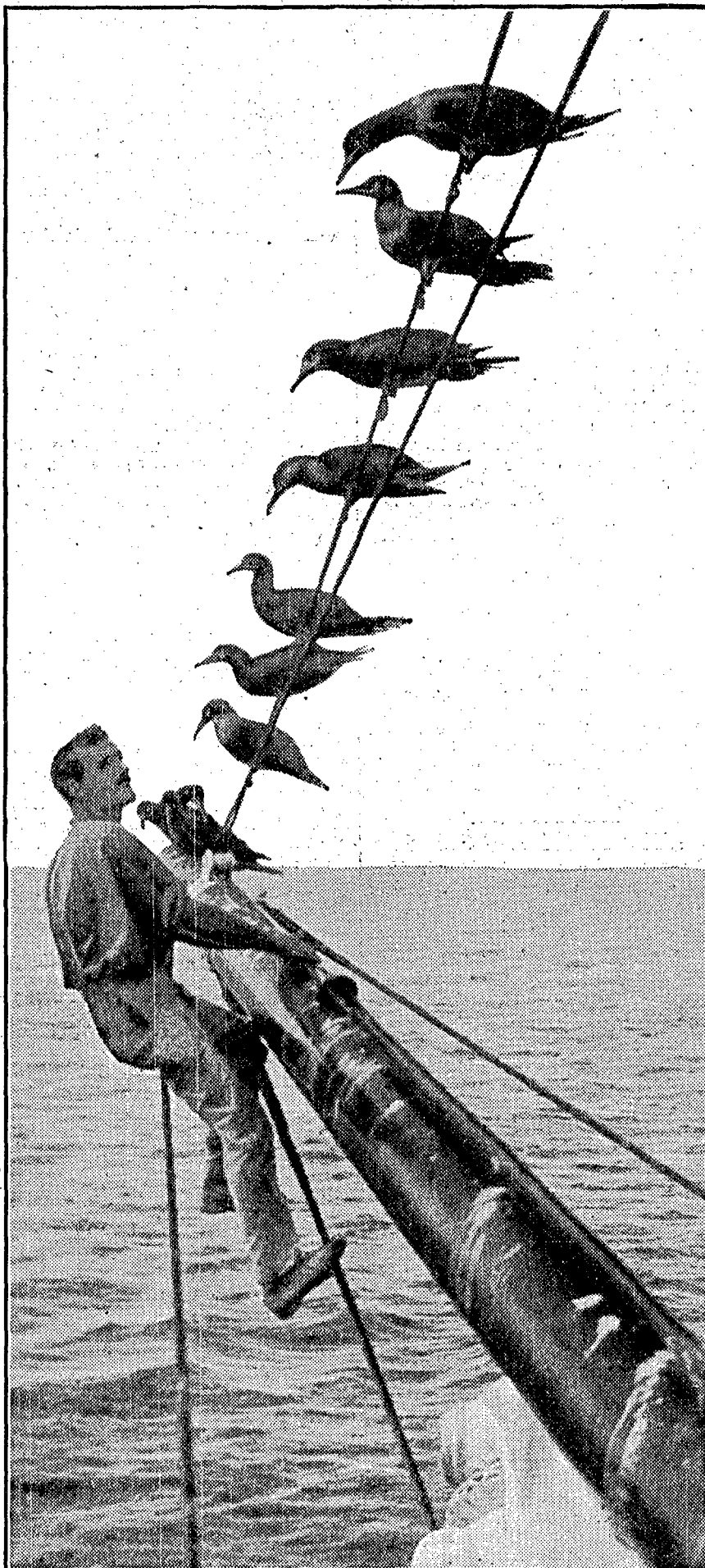
The Corporation of Rochdale, always noted for its far-sightedness, long ago decided on permanent improvements to this important part of their town. In 1903 they began to bridge-in the river, removing such property as interfered with the scheme. A length of 106 yards was first covered, at a cost of over £8000, taking just over two years. In 1909 an additional 47 yards was covered, costing more than £3000, and then the war interfered with this, as with other town improvements all over the country.

But in 1922 work started again on a big scale. In just over a year 172 yards were bridged, the cost being £16,000; and by 1925 the work was finished by the covering of 130 yards more, at a cost of £15,000. The figures do not include the money spent in street works on these bridged areas.

A Whole Centre Transformed

By this time the whole centre of Rochdale was transformed. The splendid town hall was not crowded out; and during the period of improvement a new general post office, electricity and tram offices, a library and museum, and some fine modern shops were built; they flank the grand open square which is now such a notable town centre. The original street works carried out during the period of reconstruction have been lately renewed, and a traffic circus has been made for a very efficient system of

Birds Unafraid



In spite of the man on the bowsprit the gannets remain undisturbed. This striking picture was taken on a boat at Cocos Island in the Pacific.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

HOW TO KEEP THE JUBILEE

Why Not Floodlight Every
Church in the Land?

USE OUR COAL

The Silver Jubilee is happily producing, among other things, a number of plans for floodlighting.

Regent Street is to be floodlit for four years or so, and we hope that these four years will be indefinitely extended and that many other streets and squares will follow the example.

The C.N. suggests that every church in the land should be floodlighted. A glorious sight it would be to see both stately edifices and humble fanes made landmarks by the simple means now afforded us. The cost could be met partly by grants from a national fund and partly by local subscription. Town halls and art galleries might join in the movement.

The Grid

The increase in the consumption of electricity at night would cheapen cost all round, and the increase in coal consumption would be a gain to the mining industry. We suggest to the electricity companies that they might well subsidise such a national effort in honour of one of the most notable achievements of the King's reign, the Grid.

It is one of the great virtues of floodlighting that it shows us details of architecture not discernible in daytime. Buildings often take on a new and unexpected beauty when thus revealed, and there is a magic about it which lends a new enchantment to the night.

Such a scheme as we propose would not only be a fine advertisement of electricity and a fine celebration of the Grid, but it would delight the King and the nation too by doing a good turn to our hardest-hit men, the miners.

Continued from the first column

traffic control. Gardens brighten one side of the centre, and there are flowerbeds round the town hall. The peace memorial stands conspicuously on the other side, and the principal shopping streets lead directly into the square.

It has been a great work, providing employment for many men, and there is no wonder Rochdale is proud of its great achievement.

By bridging over a discoloured stream, removing dingy property, and constructing well-paved roadways, a wide space has been added to the town which gives a welcome sense of open freshness and affords scope for schemes of traffic control. There is a dignity at the heart of Rochdale which its old folk never knew, in spite of the hurry, smoke, and grime of industry; and the transformation that has been effected cannot fail to be good for the people.

ABYSSINIA

What the Trouble is About

RAS TAFFARI AND THE SLAVES

Disputes between Italy and Abyssinia are causing much anxiety in Europe.

The chief cause of the trouble is the frequent conflict between armed bands of Abyssinians and Italian outposts on the boundary of Italian Somaliland. This boundary has never been properly defined, but runs about 180 miles from the coast between the points at which Kenya and British Somaliland continue the boundary of Abyssinia, a country without a seaboard.

Abyssinia is also bounded by the Sudan, Italian Eritrea, and French Somaliland; the longest part of her boundary marches with British territory.

A Turbulent People

Abyssinia has an area of 500,000 square miles and a population of about 5,500,000, of whom only about three million are true Abyssinians, the rest being Gallas, Somalis, and of other races, while Negroes live in the south-west. Some of the people are Christians, belonging to a very ancient branch of the Church; some are Moslems, and others are pagans. On the whole they are a turbulent people only partially civilised, though their emperor, Haile Silassie, formerly known as Ras Tafari, is a man of education.

He brought his country into the League in 1923 and has stood up for her rights as an independent State. Yet he has not been able to keep it in order or to suppress the slave-raiding practices of his people, who have crossed into the Sudan and other neighbouring territories to seize unfortunate natives. Domestic slavery is the custom of the country, so that Abyssinia is very low down in the list of civilised nations.

The fact of the matter is that the emperor's writ does not run throughout his country, which has only one railway, from Addis Ababa to Djibouti, and few roads. The native peoples who live just outside the boundaries look to the Europeans who govern them for protection from raiders, and border-fighting often results.

THE BLACKSMITH OF FLEET STREET

Crowds of passers-by stopped in surprise not long ago to see an unusual sight in Fleet Street.

A blacksmith was shoeing a horse, regardless of the buses and lorries.

Marie, a beautiful bay mare, had been trotting along with a milkcart when one of her shoes became loose. Seeing that she was in pain the milkman sent for help, and to everybody's surprise a blacksmith appeared. Marie was unharnessed and there and then the smith attended to her shoes. She was put back in the shafts, and once more the milkcart rattled merrily down Fleet Street.

Would that all Fleet Street men did their work so well.

THE GOLD DECISION

The American Supreme Court's decision on the Gold Clause has given great satisfaction not only in America but all over the world.

The reason is that it was based on fair treatment to all citizens of the State, no holder of a contract or Liberty Bond being a cent the poorer for the action of Congress which was called in question.

The judgment was one of those in which the spirit of the law was rightly considered of much greater importance than the actual letter of it, and the authors of the Constitution would have been in entire agreement with the judges.

Helped by a great wind, an aeroplane has flown from Croydon to Amsterdam, 220 miles, in an hour.

SCOUTS ACROSS THE WORLD

Jamboree Visitors Home Again

A GOOD TIME IN AUSTRALIA

The party of British Scouts which set out last autumn for the Australian Jamboree is now due home again.

They have been four glorious months of crowded life for all who went. On the way out there was a call at Malta, with a hearty welcome from the Maltese Scouts and a ride into the country to see orange and banana trees, pomegranates and date palms. More Scouts met the ship at Port Said, and there was another enjoyable day at Colombo, where 26 Indian Scouts joined the party.

From the moment the Scouts landed at Sydney it seems that every moment of their time was wonderfully full. First came a tour to famous beauty spots, including the lovely Hawkesbury River. They saw sheep stations and vineyards and national farms. At every town they were given a civic reception, and at Canberra the Governor-General entertained them to tea.

News of Home

Among the none-too-pleasant experiences were a sandstorm at Wagga-Wagga and an encounter with the grasshopper plague, when the insects flew against windscreens and radiators in such numbers that the cars had to be stopped and cleaned.

The Jamboree itself was thrilling. Frankston is on Port Phillip Bay, and has one of the finest beaches in Australia. Here, near famous orchards and poultry farms, was laid out a camp of 350 acres, and here the boys of 21 countries met and made friends.

The English party had a small campfire at night and issued a general invitation to anyone to look in for a chat. Often about 80 Scouts at a time met there to exchange stories and notes; we think Australia's consumption of cocoa must have gone up considerably.

Every day many visitors came to ask the British Scouts for news of home, for Australians speak of England as home and do not call her the Old Country. Two people travelled 500 miles to the camp because they had read that one of the English Scouts came from their home town.

HELP FROM THE SKIES

In a rough sea at Auckland, New Zealand, a woman swimmer was seen to be in difficulties.

Desperate efforts were made to save her, but the surf was so rough that every attempt of the life-savers failed.

But the woman struggled on, and had been in the water four hours when a seaplane swooped from the skies and alighted on the roaring foam. One of the crew threw a rope, and although the woman was exhausted she managed to clutch it and hold on. She was pulled on board and brought safely to land.

BUSY AND YOUNG AT 90

Still working for others at 90—that is how the Dowager Viscountess Elibank keeps young and happy.

She has knitted a pair of mittens for each member of the crew of the Isle of Wight's Brook lifeboat, of which her famous son-in-law, Lord Mottistone, is coxswain.

Witty and full of character, this splendid old lady has used her life well. She has brought up five sons and six daughters, and is of the kind which prefers to wear out rather than rust out.

NASTY HISTORY

One of Germany's most famous historians, Professor Oncken, has given up his lectureship at Berlin University as a protest against Nazi history.

WHO ARE THE SAVAGES?

People Who Destroy Nature's Gifts To Man

THE MAORI'S DIPLOMA

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

When the Duke of Gloucester visited Rotorua, the great tourist resort in the hot springs district of New Zealand, he was given a great welcome by the Maori tribes.

The leader of the race at this gathering was Sir Apirana Ngata, one of the many cultured Maoris, and a man who has been in the New Zealand Parliament for thirty years.

Introducing the various tribes Sir Apirana described the Maoris from the forest-clad mountains of the Urewera district (the Highlands of New Zealand) as "the last savages in New Zealand, having been tamed only since 1900." He explained to the Duke that the leader of the Urewera tribe in their ceremonial dance of welcome was the holder of a diploma in agriculture gained at an agricultural college.

Old Forests and New Agriculture

It is pleasing to know that the splendid Maori race of New Zealand is adapting itself so well to present-day conditions, and acquiring the white man's methods of farming; but there is another side to the question. New Zealand's great wealth in earlier years lay in its primeval forests, much of which has been destroyed in the march of colonisation to make room for pastures. It is now being realised by New Zealanders that their country, and especially the mountainous parts, needs the old forests as well as the new agriculture.

A New Zealand newspaper, mourning the needless destruction of so much forest, has commented on Sir Apirana Ngata's reference to the last savages of his race in these telling words:

It is probably not true to say that the Maoris of the Urewera district before 1900 were the last savages in New Zealand. The last savages are white as well as brown, and can still be found in various parts of the country, hacking or burning the native vegetation on land which has no value or next to no value for pasture.

It seems unfortunately true that every country has its white savages—the thoughtless people who destroy the vegetation, especially the trees, which Nature has provided for us.

HOPE FOR A GREAT INDUSTRY

Peace in the Cotton Mills

A definite step forward has at last taken place in the Cotton Industry.

The pay of the weavers has been agreed upon in Manchester.

The long dispute centred in the number of looms an operative should work, and the solution has been found in a reduction of just under 6 per cent in the wages of four-loom weavers and an advance of 4 per cent for six-loom weavers. A proportionate increase will be granted to all who work more than six looms.

The new agreement will be scheduled under the Cotton Manufacturing Industry Act and will be compulsory on all concerned in the industry.

Wages now being uniform throughout the industry employers will no longer fear the undercutting of those who pay less wages and they will now be able to devote their whole energies to organising their mills and marketing their goods.

Order has been evolved out of chaos, and common sense has at last prevailed.

An all-Jewish steamship line has been started in Genoa.

A thousand new motor-vehicles were registered every day in last December.

HUMPTY DUMPTY AT CANTERBURY

BRIGHTER ROOMS FOR BABIES

The Jolly Frieze That Was Painted at the Deanery

OTHER SCHOOLS PLEASE COPY

Canterbury to most of us is the shrine of whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are true; but if Canon Dick Sheppard was right the other night in saying that our religion should be half grave and half gay there can surely be nothing wrong in the fact that our old friend Humpty Dumpty has been set up (and set down) in the very shadow of the great cathedral.

And it has all been done, moreover, at the Deanery itself, for we saw Humpty Dumpty in the making there, the work of the Dean's clever artist niece Miss Nowell Edwards.

For the Little Ones

Humpty Dumpty is part of a great frieze Miss Edwards has painted for some of Canterbury's very little ones; and it is all so jolly that we should like to see this frieze, or something like it, in all small children's schoolrooms.

We feel certain that the enterprising Education Committee of Kent will be alive to the value of the painted walls in the 'little ones' room at Broad Street School in Canterbury.

The Humpty Dumpty frieze is just the thing to delight these small people (none of them over five), so gay it is, and so ingeniously packed with things to find and recognise. They can all recognise the cathedral and the city wall and some of Canterbury's old houses; but the figure they love most is Humpty Dumpty himself, sitting on a wall in the corner, with all the king's horses and all the king's men coming over the hill toward him, as if to try

The Safeway

The Car takes the Highway

The Walker takes the Pathway

We cross by the Safeway

to put him together again in case he should fall.

And then he does fall; we see Humpty Dumpty again after the great fall; and close by is little Miss Muffet sitting on her tuffet under a tree with a spider crawling unpleasantly near her, and a squirrel wondering if it is nuts or whey she has in her basin. As the wall hides Humpty Dumpty from them after the fall they are all indifferent to his poor plight.

Some of the children appear in the picture themselves, playing in sunlight so bright that we can almost smell the corn in the harvest field beyond the houses, and hear the soft coo of the pigeons fluttering round the cathedral tower on a hot summer's day.

It is a great achievement of light and shade as well as design that Miss Edwards has given us, and all so delightful that we imagine the babies will have to share their picture with a lot of people over five who want to have a look at it.

Picture on page 3

THINGS SAID

The countryman is still the bedrock of the race.

Mr Henry Goude

By June 1937 there will not be a slum-dweller left in Southampton.

Southampton's Health Officer

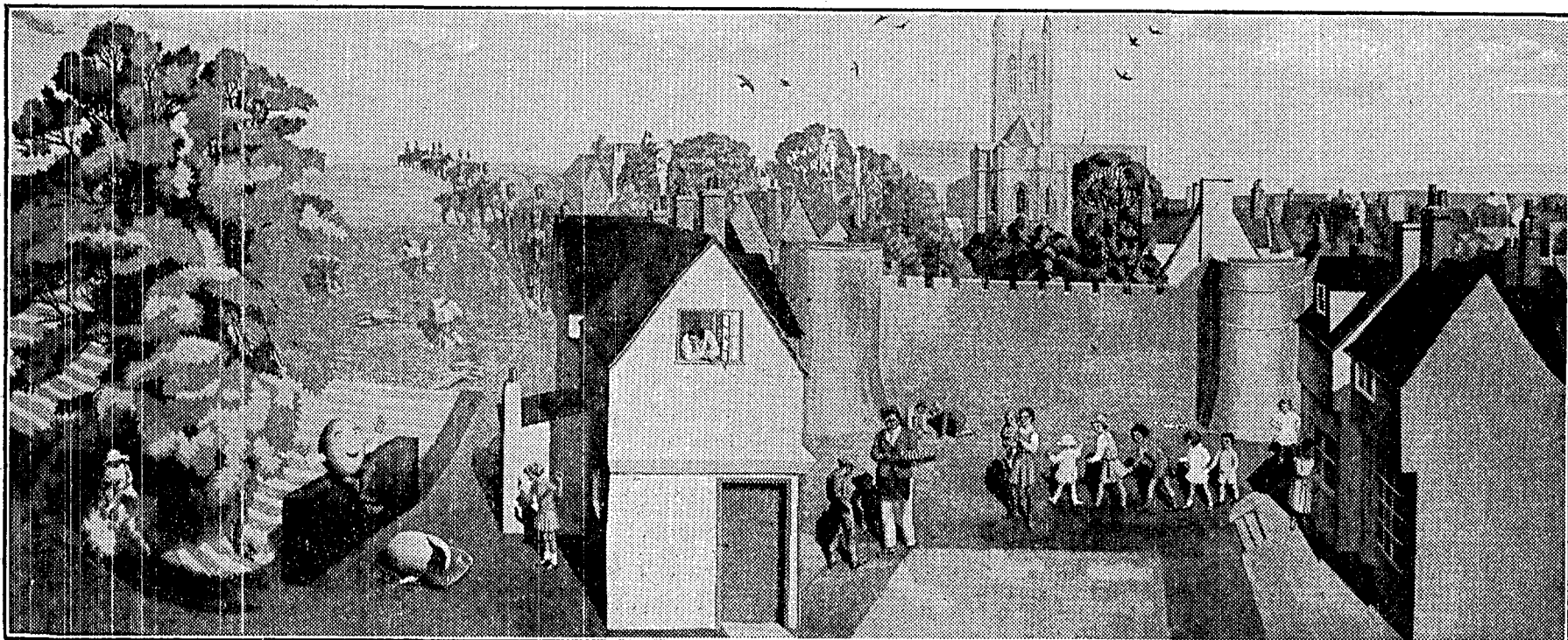
If the League did not exist the statesmen would invent it tomorrow.

Manchester Guardian

If society allows people to live like pigs, society cannot be very much surprised if sometimes they behave like that.

Mr Justice Humphreys

HUMPTY DUMPTY FRIEZE · COCKLE FISHERS · TWO FAMOUS BRIDGES



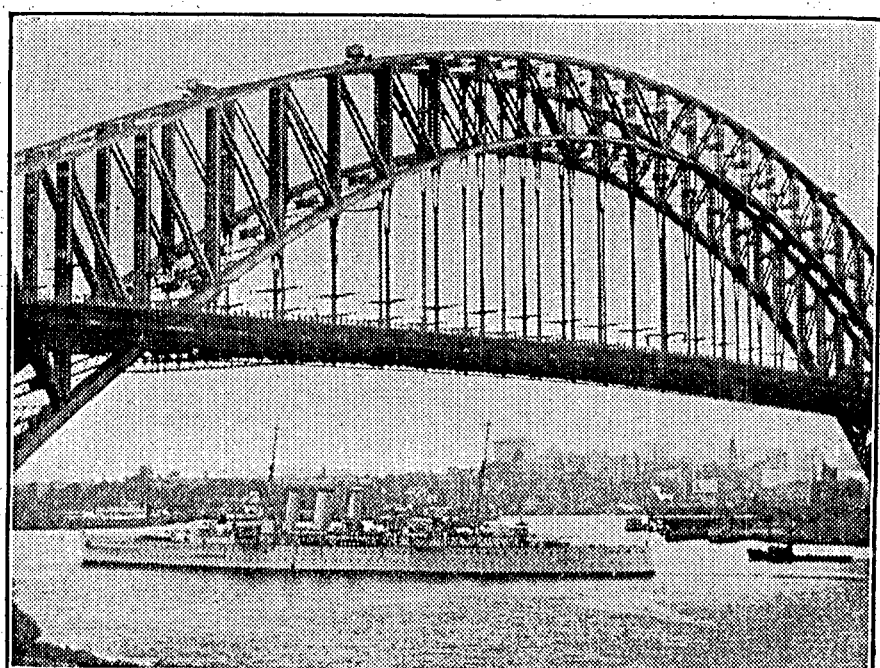
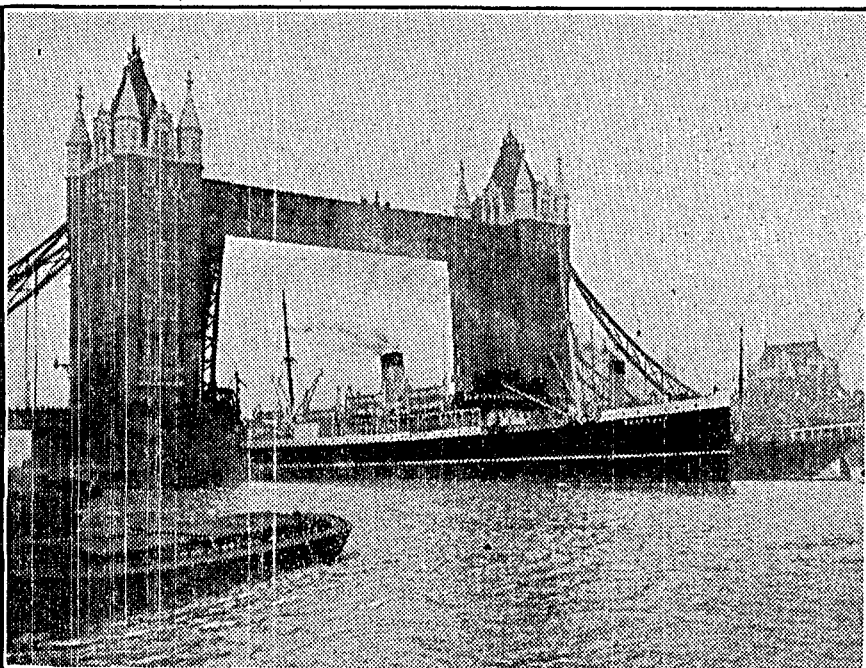
Schoolroom Delight—The Humpty Dumpty Frieze in the small children's room at Broad Street School, Canterbury, painted by Miss Nowell Edwards, the artist niece of the Dean. See page 2.



On the South Wales Coast—Donkeys carrying home the sacks of cockles which have been caught at Penclawdd, near Swansea, in Glamorganshire.



The Newcomers—These two young lambs have found a friend to show them round their farm at Ivinghoe in Buckinghamshire.



Two Famous Bridges—On the left two big ships are seen under Tower Bridge at the same time, an incident due to one vessel being held up by fouling a chain. On the right H.M.S. Sussex, which took the Duke of Gloucester to Australia, is passing under Sydney Bridge.

80 COUNTRIES COME TO BUY

The Great British Fair MISS ANN TEAK, B.I.F.

Visitors from 80 countries have been ranging the great halls at Olympia and the White City, where the British Industries Fair has been showing the world what the Empire has to sell.

This year the Fair has been more successful than ever, for the area of floor-space exceeded 525,000 square feet, 45,000 more than last year.

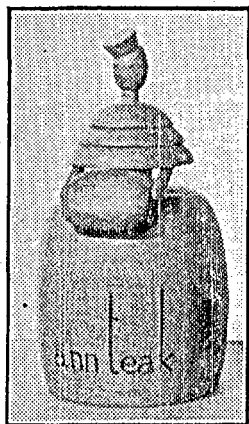
All the Dominions and most of our Colonies exhibited. Canada has set a surprise in office desks streamlined and fitted with radio, and another interesting exhibit from much nearer home was linen manufactured from flax grown by the King at Sandringham.

Walking through the Fair we realised how the Silver Jubilee is going to influence our lives this year. There were Silver Jubilee toy tea-sets, to say nothing of every kind of wearing apparel in which the colours of silver and blue, red and silver, and silver and royal purple, can be introduced.

The original companion-way of H.M.S. Ganges, built of teak and launched in 1821, the last sailing ship to go to sea as a flagship, has been on view at the Fair at Olympia.

It was shown by Messrs R. A. Lister of Dursley, as a background to a display of their woodcraft novelties, many of them made from teak taken from the timbers of the Ganges when it was broken up in 1929.

Presiding over that display was Miss Ann Teak, patron saint of the cooper-craft industry, a dainty lady six inches high, fashioned from teak of the Ganges. Her flowing skirts concealed a dinner bell for the use of the housewife of Suburbia and the matron of Mayfair.



Miss Ann Teak

HIS YOUNG AND LEARNED FRIEND Father v Son

At Croydon Licensing Sessions the other day a father and son opposed one another.

Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., supported an application for a new publican's licence, and his son, Mr Derek Curtis Bennett, opposed the application.

Sir Henry spoke of "my young and learned friend whose name I seem to recognise." The son said, "My learned friend ought to have known what I was going to say, for I learned at his knees all that there was to learn for and against licensing."

The father had taught well. His young and learned friend won, and the application was refused.

A GERMAN CITY DOES A GREAT THING

Taking the Poison Out of Gas

Gas kills so many people every year that it is good to know our gas authorities are studying means to make it non-poisonous.

Hamburg has decided at great cost to make its gas innocuous by eliminating its carbonic oxide.

The plant is to cost £230,000 and its erection will take two years. It will reduce the percentage of carbonic oxide from 16 per cent to one-half per cent.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD AND LITTLE CHARLIE LINDBERGH

THE whole world has sorrowed with Mr and Mrs Lindbergh since the kidnapping murder of their little son Charlie three years ago, and the whole world has followed the extraordinary trial which has ended in the conviction of Bruno Hauptmann, a German carpenter, of the crime.

The trial was one of the most spectacular trials that even America has known. It cost £80,000 (the case has cost perhaps three times that sum) and has filled miles of print; and, though there is now to be an appeal, the public must sigh with relief to feel that the suspense of it all is over.

The crime was as stupid as the trial was unsatisfactory. Why, people ask, when there are so many crimes in America every day, has this horrible and stupid one stirred the country so deeply? Because Lindbergh is beloved by the whole nation. The average American, especially the American schoolboy, sees in "Lindy" the man he would like to be—able, unassuming, courageous.

The Night of the Crime

When Charles Lindbergh, hero of the first America-to-Europe solo flight, married Anne Morrow, America took her to its heart with the same sort of enthusiasm that England took Princess Marina, and when a great sorrow smote this happy pair the nation sorrowed.

Three years ago on March 1 the Lindbergh's infant son Charles was put to bed in their new home near Hopewell, New Jersey, and Nurse went downstairs. At half-past eight Nurse looked in and saw the child sleeping peacefully; at ten-past nine she looked in again and the cot was empty.

An illiterate note left in the nursery advised the parents to have 50,000 dollars ready in 5, 10, and 20-dollar notes to ransom the child according to directions that would be given within a few days.

The desperate efforts made by the Lindberghs to trace their son are known. Every clue was followed. Immunity and a reward were promised to criminals of the underworld if they would bring news of the child's whereabouts.

Then, through a go-between, Dr Condon, and an advertisement in a local paper, contact was established with the kidnapper, and the ransom was paid in a cemetery on the thirty-third day after the child had been stolen. The numbers on the notes paid were recorded. The 14 letters which led up to this transaction were all in the same illiterate Germanised English. The clues given to Dr Condon by the man who accepted the money turned out to be false. The ransom had been given for nothing.

Six weeks later the baby's dead body was found in a thicket not far from the Lindbergh home.

The Pin-Map Trap

The only significant evidence was the note, some confused footprints and car-tracks, and a flimsy, broken ladder left on the ground, proving with uncanny exactness Emerson's words: *Commit a crime and the world is made of glass. You cannot recall the spoken word; you cannot wipe out the foot track; you cannot draw up the ladder so as to leave no inlet or clue.*

Then began the long search for the criminal. Silently, steadily, the law set to work to watch where the ransom notes came to light.

The first one appeared two weeks after the ransom had been paid; others came into circulation gradually, at the rate of 40 dollars a week. A map was set up at police headquarters, and for two years a new pin was stuck in at the spot every time a note of the ransom appeared. It was a sheer stroke of luck that notes of this kind (gold certificates) were called in by the Government, so

that 14 months after the kidnapping it became illegal to keep them. Accommodating tradesmen still took them to turn in to the banks.

The police asked the petrol stations round New York to help them by pencilling the licence number of the car on these notes when anyone offered them to settle a bill; and when Hauptmann gave one of the ransom notes in payment for petrol his car number was automatically scribbled on it by the garage assistant; it was turned in to the bank, the bank told the police, and the man who held the remainder of the ransom was run to earth. Other ransom notes amounting to 14,000 dollars were found hidden in his garage.

The Great Ladder Search

It looked very suspicious; but Hauptmann maintained that these notes had been left with him in a shoe-box full of accounts by a business partner, who had gone back to Germany at the end of 1933 and died there. Hauptmann said he permitted himself to spend this money because his former partner owed him 2000 dollars.

The telephone number of the go-between (Dr Condon) was found pencilled inside a cupboard door in Hauptmann's house; and paper like that used for the ransom letters was found there.

Eight handwriting experts testified that the ransom letters were written by Hauptmann, and the misspellings and the clumsy turns of phrase were those he commonly used.

There remained the ladder. What wood had been used to make it?

Mr A. S. Koeler, the Government's leading wood technologist, searched the stocks of 40,000 lumber yards to find where it came from, and at the one to which he finally traced most of it Hauptmann had once been employed. One piece actually matched the flooring of Hauptmann's attic.

Apart from these facts, the testimony of the 180 witnesses at the trial in Flemington, New Jersey, was confused and conflicting, and the legal points were as involved as the evidence. As the law stood at the time, entering a man's home to steal his baby was not a major crime. It must be proved that burglary was also committed. Stealing the baby's shirt was more important, legally, than stealing the baby. Likewise, if the child had been killed accidentally by a fall, that would not have been murder.

The Problem of Motive

The jury, composed of four housewives, two farmers, one unemployed man, a book-keeper, a teacher, a machinist, a labourer, and a carpenter, found Hauptmann guilty of murder; and now there arises the question as to what possible motive this strange mixture of German carpenter and Wall Street gambler could have had. Can the motive be found in the evil heritage left by the war? Hauptmann, 36 now, joined up at 17. At the trial he gave the impression of a man with something dead in his soul. Was that something killed in the war?

As a young man Hauptmann probably worshipped the great German Ace Richthofen. We guess this from the fact that he has given Richthofen's name to his baby. Was it some perverted loyalty to Germany's dead hero of the air that made him strike at America's living one? It is an odd thought.

After the tragedy the Lindberghs have not the heart to try to bring up their second son in the old home, but instead of closing the house and letting it stand idle, a monument to their sorrow, they have turned it into a home for poor children, in the hope that its broad acres may bring the health and joy to other bairns that was denied to their own little Charles.

OUR DAILY MEAT Home and Empire

WHAT IT IS PROPOSED TO DO

The debate on our meat supplies has been taken a step farther. It is very important, for our people are big eaters of meat.

There are four interests involved:

1. The Meat Consumer, who needs good meat at the lowest possible price.
2. The British farmer, who needs and deserves all the help we can give him.
3. The Dominion farmer, whom we also desire to help, and who buys from us.
4. The foreign farmer, who belongs to nations who will not buy our goods unless we buy from them.

In the old days we simply bought in the cheapest market; that was called Free Trade. Now national and Imperial policy desires to cherish and give advantage to Home and Empire producers. Our Government thinks the best thing to do is to tax all imported meat, but to tax Dominion meat less than Foreign meat. This is called Imperial Preference.

The suggested Meat Tax is a penny a pound, with a preference of half that for Dominion meat.

The Dominion Governments now have this scheme under consideration.

FROM ANTARCTICA TO U.S.A.?

Admiral Byrd and the Penguins

Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition hopes to carry a number of live penguins back to the States in one of the supply ships, the Jacob Ruppert.

A very difficult task it is to take penguins from the ice and freezing waters of Antarctica, across the thousands of miles of tropical seas, and to the Northern Hemisphere. The poor penguins cannot live in the heat of the Tropics.

Special arrangements have therefore been made on the Jacob Ruppert to provide the penguins with accommodation that is as cold, as icy, and as watery as their natural surroundings. They will be kept in an ice-room 30 feet by 7, cooled like the rooms used for storing frozen food. A concrete bath has been built, which will be filled with sea water cooled to the temperature of the Antarctic water, so that the penguins may swim and dive as they delight to do.

So it is hoped that penguins may soon be seen in the New York Zoo.

P.O. REFORMING ITSELF Bigger Postal Orders

Another common-sense post office reform is announced in the removal of the old postal order limit of 21s.

The P.M.G. as a reformer is to be envied, for there are so many things to improve in his department.

We wonder if he is aware that on "early closing days" in London we often have to walk a mile to do post office business through the shutting of the grocer's counter where so much important P.O. work is now done.

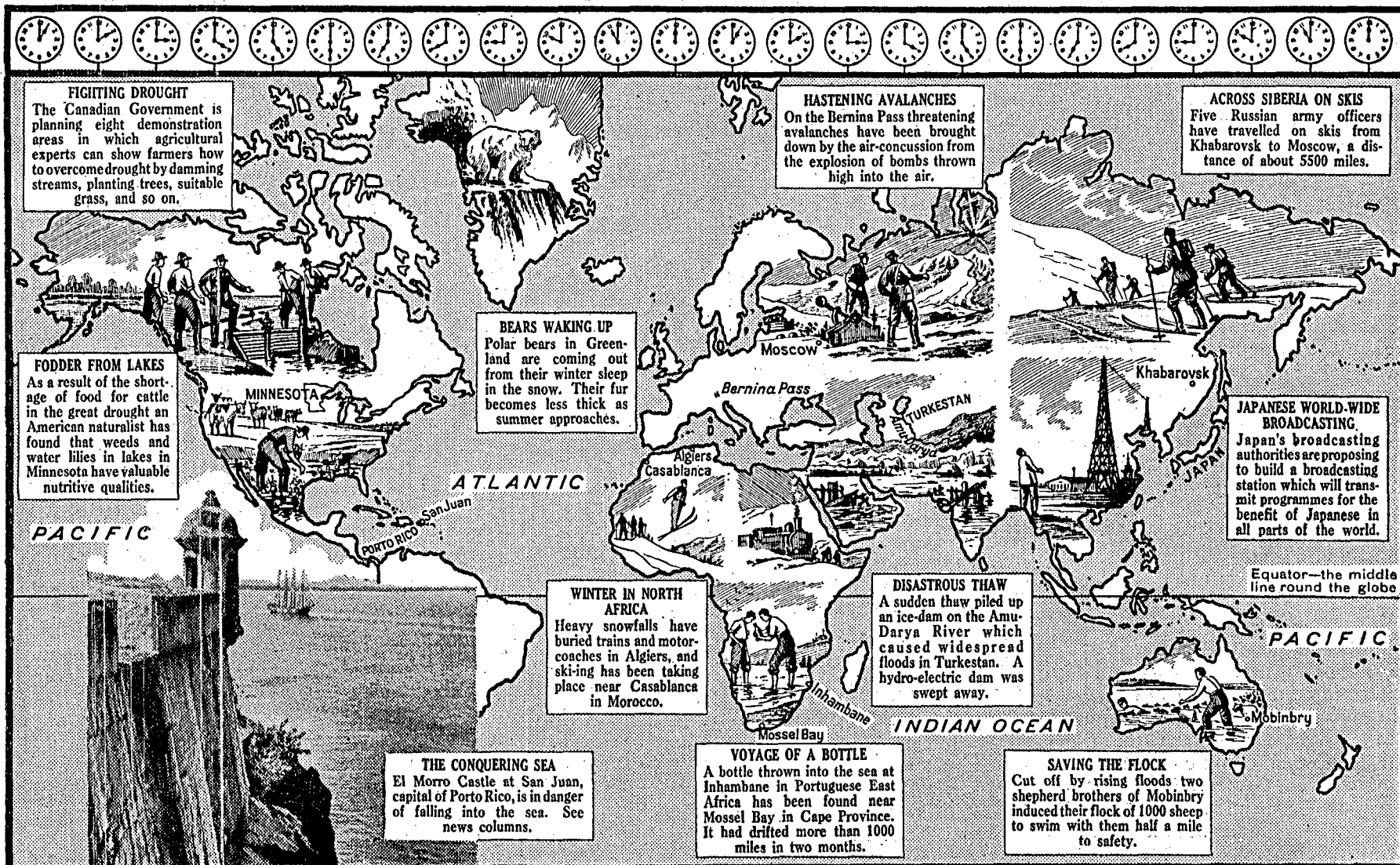
A GREAT GIFT TO A GREAT CAUSE

A fine gift from America has been made to the League of Nations for its health work.

The Rockefeller Foundation, always generous to provide funds for international health, continues its regular donations to the League by this gift of 200,000 dollars to cover the period to the end of 1937.

A new direction for work is opening up in the Far East where a conference on the health of the countryside is being planned, and the Union of South Africa is also planning a conference at the end of this year for the health of the African continent.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



POOR BUT BETTER We Are Building Half the World's Ships

Not good, but above the worst, must be the verdict on Lloyd's Shipyard Return for 1934.

In 1930 British shipyards produced 1,479,000 tons, but in 1933 only 133,000. Against the last figure the poor 460,000 of last year looks big, but it is still very poor.

All the world's shipyards did badly last year, the total output being only 967,419.

A world building few new ships is a reproach to civilisation.

Apart from the abnormal war years the best shipbuilding year was 1920, when the world produced 5,862,000 tons. Before the war the best year was 1913, with over 3,000,000 tons.

THE CONSTABLE WENT DOWN

There is a retriever living in Burnham, Buckinghamshire, who ought, by all the laws of chance, to be dead.

He disappeared, and at last was discovered at the bottom of a 200-foot well.

Nobody liked the thought of going down after him; and a policeman's job is to see that every dog has his licence, not that every dog has his rescue; but P.C. Garrett undertook the task.

The dog had been without food for a week.

The constable was lowered by ropes, and brought the famished creature to the top.

A dog's life is not a bad one in England today.

SIR JOSIAH STAMP'S OLD WORD

Nothing is new under the sun, and a correspondent, reminding us that we attributed to Sir Josiah Stamp the honour of coining a new word Methodology, tells us that he has found it in an old dictionary, which shows that it was used as far back as 70 years ago.

60 YEARS A BISHOP A Great New Zealander

A Stafford boy born in 1839, who became one of the most notable New Zealanders, has just passed away.

He was Francis Redwood, whose family emigrated to New Zealand in 1842. When a lad of 15 he returned to the Old World to complete his education, and in 1874 was consecrated New Zealand's first Roman Catholic bishop. The ceremony took place in London, and then Bishop Redwood sailed for New Zealand to begin his long career as leader of his Church in the land of his boyhood. In 1887 he was created Archbishop of New Zealand.

Archbishop Redwood has passed on in his 96th year. He was the oldest bishop of his Church, and had been a bishop longer than any other. Not only was he a great churchman; he was also a great New Zealander, whose long life covered the whole period of British settlement there. He had lived in a tent with his parents on arriving in New Zealand, and he could remember the country when there were no roads and no English trees. His parents were among thousands of emigrants selected by the New Zealand Company during the forties of last century and sent out to New Zealand to make it a model colony.

He made long journeys on horseback in remote districts, his wardrobe crammed into his saddlebags and into a waterproof case strapped to the saddle before him.

THE CONQUERING SEA

Twice Sir Francis Drake failed to take El Morro Castle, which guards the harbour of San Juan at Porto Rico in the West Indies.

Now this once almost impregnable fortress is in danger of being vanquished, not by a human foe, but by the sea. Engineers believe it will cost more than £200,000 to save it from slipping into the water. *See World Map*

CHEAPER INSULIN A Great Boon

We are glad to note that the promise to supply cheaper insulin has been kept. Messrs Boots announce that the price is reduced from 1s 4d to 1s for 100 units, the normal quantity required by sufferers from diabetes. Hospitals are to get the preparation even cheaper. The new price marks a great and beneficent advance, for insulin was originally 25s per 100 units.

Insulin is not a medicine that cures; it is the absence of it in the human body which produces diabetes. By regular injections of insulin a host of diabetic people are now kept alive and useful.

THREE DAYS TO INDIA

The Post Office and the Air Ministry are sending a joint delegation round the Empire to confer with the various Governments on new and improved air services.

India has been visited, and as a result it is confidently hoped to reduce British-India mail time from five days to four, or even three. It is also hoped to work two services every week both ways.

The delegation hopes to effect similar improvements in every part of the Empire. It is a wonderful business.

WYCLIFFE IN PRAGUE

An exhibition of Wycliffe relics has been arranged in the University Library in Prague.

The great Englishman was the teacher and inspiration of John Huss, the reformer, who began his work in Prague. The Hussite movement has profoundly influenced the people of Bohemia and Moldavia for centuries, and so it is not surprising that Prague should venerate the man who lived and suffered and died so far away from Prague.

NINETY CANDLES FOR CAPTAIN ADRIAN JONES He Has Given London Great Beauty

We all know the great Quadriga of Peace at Hyde Park Corner, Peace riding over London on wings and horses. A charioteer is reigning in his horses as Peace descends to Earth.

Its famous sculptor has just enjoyed his ninetieth birthday. He really did enjoy it. There was a big party, a cake with 90 candles, and a telegram of congratulation from the King.

Ask Captain Adrian Jones what he thinks of existence, and he answers, *Life is fun.*

Ask him how to be young at 90, and he says, *Be moderate in all things.*

Captain Jones has given London some of its loveliest sculptures, including the fine St George at the Stanhope Gate of Hyde Park. He has missed very few Academies for many years.

To be hard at work creating beautiful things at ninety is the happiest fate that could befall anyone.

STORY OF £100,000 A Nurse Remembers Florence Nightingale's Hospital

St Thomas's Hospital has counted among its hundreds of patient, gentle, skilful nurses two who will probably always be remembered above the rest.

One was Florence Nightingale, who established the first real training school for nurses at this hospital, and the other is Sister Annie Molison, who left the wards to marry Lord Riddell 35 years ago, and has just given the hospital the whole of the £100,000 he left her.

She has an annuity, and delights to give away the fortune, because her husband loved to help hospitals, and because a new home for nurses is badly needed at Florence Nightingale's own hospital. Who could have invested £100,000 better?

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 2 1935

The Best is Coming

WINTER is going fast! The great engines of Nature are working silently and invisibly, but we know that they work always toward the spring.

Nature, indeed, is doing for us slowly what a ride through the Alps does for us quickly. Think what we can do in a day. We can leave Italy in radiant sunshine, with oranges ripening. We climb the mountains, and in a few hours autumn comes. The air grows cold; trees thin out and diminish to nothing. Here and there a bird sings bravely up to the snowline, where we leave it behind and are in the grip of winter. The tunnel which pierces the Alps receives our train. Soon we are dropping down the Alps again, and the glory of spring is about us in Switzerland.

Nature is doing for us what our Alpine ride does; we are passing through the gates of winter into the life of spring. The time is rather solemn away from the hum of the towns. A chance pipe from a gay bird, a screech from a vagrant jay, a melancholy rasp from a rook going on a hunger march of forty miles—these are but tiny points of sound in a world of silence.

But winter is only sleep, not death; and it is sleep preparing for new life. Nature will burst into life again with all her explosive force of growth and development. The lesson of winter is that, though something is destroyed, something better will arise in place of what has vanished. The best is yet to be.

Under her white mantle the impulse of life surges through the upper layer of Mother Earth, and it takes a million forms. Each form struggles to exist, and struggles against tremendous odds.

Wonderful are the ways in which the countless members of the living family fight for their existence. Man sometimes seems to master Nature, bending her to his will; but the rest of the living world must struggle to exist, resisting winter by sleeping through it, or in some other of a thousand ways adapting itself to the incessant strain of Nature for what is best.

Man, who has been called Nature's rebel, but is really her partner, must always go back to her for lessons. She has marched steadily forward through a million ages; she produced thought and consciousness and man with his intelligence.

He is her child still, and the mastery he sometimes seems to attain is no more than the revelation to him of one more of her secrets. For in the end Nature is God's instrument.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Quick Change

WE are tempted to point the moral of the remarkable fact that 17 of the newly-elected Turkish M.P.s are women.

Barely more than ten years ago women in Turkey were veiled; now they are the equals of men.

The moral, of course, is that we must clear our minds of the old obsession that reforms cannot be made quickly. It is an old idea that we must wait a long time for every small change. Turkey, like Japan, has proved that human nature is infinitely adaptable.

So That Was That

WE must never be too sure in this world.

Somebody has just been recalling that two lifetimes ago the Chief Engineer of the Post Office was asked at a Parliamentary Committee what he thought about a suggestion that it might be possible to telegraph without wires. This was his answer:

I do not think it is possible; in fact, I know it is impossible.

A Kitchen Garden For Every House

WE have a little garden in our room.

It has delicate fern-like leaves, from palest green to purple red, which might have been the shoots from some rare plant. They might have been, but they were not.

They grew from things that are thrown away in every kitchen, the top of a carrot and a beetroot.

We have only to put the top slices of these things into a bowl of moss instead of into the dustbin, and give it a drink each morning, and soon we shall have a garden, a kitchen garden certainly, but as dainty as any of those expensive miniature gardens we see in the shops.

Anyone who does not believe this may come and see the Editor's kitchen garden!

Curious

IT is eight years since people were drowned in their beds by the flooded Thames.

Hundreds of millions of pounds have been paid to men for doing nothing since then.

Still, the other day, hundreds of police were watching anxiously lest the Thames should flood again.

The next word appears to be with the Government.

Solid as a Rock

DURING a period when thrones have tottered and monarchies vanished, our beloved King has gone from strength to strength, till today the British Throne stands as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. Its occupant is an inspiring example to the world.

Mr Lyons, Prime Minister of Australia

Wanted, Young Men

THE following advertisement has been published in Hampshire:

WANTED. Two young men to join Hythe Fire Brigade on the same terms as present and past members. This is: pay nil; thanks seldom; criticism plenty; uniform provided; hours on duty 24. We are all happy.

This may refer to a small matter, but it reminds us of the famous call of Garibaldi for volunteers: "I offer you hardship and sacrifice, pain and death." He got his men. What a lesson for the demagogues who make such attractive promises at elections!

Tip-Cat

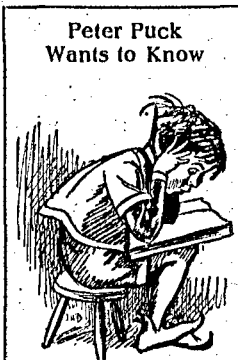
MANY big estates are being cut up for building purposes. It doesn't matter so long as their owners are not cut up.

MOST comedians are clean shaven. They can make bad jokes without turning a hair.

THE architect who suggests circular houses no doubt wants all round improvements.

MANY friendships are made on the skating-rink. Though it isn't always easy to break the ice.

A GIRL at Savannah has made a fortune through standing on her head to amuse tourists. When any turn up she does.



If pianists work while they play

hour. And jumped into fame.

YOUNG people stay up too late nowadays, says a speaker. You won't often find them retiring.

A CARNIVAL spirit is abroad in London. Better make itself at home there.

THE Nazis are starting a Chamber of Heroes. Horrors!

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

COOPERATIVE sales last year increased by ten per cent.

THE Irish leaving Ireland for America in 1925 were 26,500; in 1932 the number was 315.

OUT of every 100 men idle in Birmingham in 1931 over 70 are back at work.

JUST AN IDEA

Have you thought that if every household in the land did one thing a week for our distressed areas they would no longer be distressed? Knit a pair of socks, or write a letter—but do something.

And Now She's Dressed in Gold

By Our Country Girl

SHE wore a wrap of lace
As white as snow
About her old, sweet face
A while ago.

HER skirts were brown or grey
To fit her years,
Who's outlived many a day
Of human tears.

BUT all is altered now!
Her eyes are bright,
The lines melt from her brow,
Her voice is light.

AND now she's dressed in gold,
With fluttering frills,
The Earth is not too old
For daffodils.

The Men Who Lived On Wondrous Heights

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests.

Not content with acknowledging in general terms an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence.

If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge of them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away.

The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before Heaven and Earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when Heaven and Earth should have passed away. Macaulay

To A Beauty

THE lovely gold forsythia
Is stretching out her arms,
Begging the sun to help her
To keep her grace and charms.
The sun shines warm upon her,
She smiles, and lifts her head
To take the place of early flowers
Whose beauty now has fled.

O BEAUTEOUS forsythia,
May sunbeams on thee shine!
And thy rare flowers give delight
To other eyes than mine.
The sun shines warm upon you,
You smile, and lift your head:
Oh, I shall long remember you
When all your flowers are dead.
Beryl White

THIS 20TH-CENTURY WORLD

PUTTING LIFE ON THE FILMS

The Extraordinary Struggle For Accuracy in the Pictures

A MARVELLOUS LIBRARY OF SOUNDS

People who pooh-pooh the Kinema because so much of it is sham have little idea of the vast amount of work done to make films accurate.

The public demand a degree of exactitude in the Pictures which they have never asked of the Stage, and the film companies vie with each other to see that they get it. This is specially true of historical pictures.

A film goes all over the world and is seen by all sorts of people. If a lamp-post designed in 1810 appears in a street scene of 1800 the world's leading lamp-post expert is quite likely to notice it and complain.

The Research Department

Apart from the public demand, the film people have in this matter a conscience we should like to see in other matters; they know how indelibly things seen are fixed in the mind. "If we misrepresent the life of the past, nothing that teachers can do in the schools will get the wrong picture out of the children's minds," the head of the Research Department of one of the big film companies told a C.N. representative, implying that he felt it essential to the world's welfare that young minds should be fed on truth and not on falsity.

In striving to give an impression of things as they really were in the past, this Research Department makes use of all the museums and libraries of London, as well as having correspondents abroad. It is also building up its own library of books, prints, and photographs.

It finds the representation of historical personages comparatively easy. Their portraits exist; their lives are recorded. The difficulty comes in depicting Bill and Sue Smith 200 years ago. The scene shows them at breakfast. What do they eat? What sort of pot does Sue cook in? The first book to consult concerning questions about the ordinary life of plain English people in the past is, of course, the admirable Quennell books, the History of Everyday Things.

Experts in Unusual Fields

All sorts of people help the film studios in their effort to show true pictures. "It is extraordinary how many people in all walks of life are experts in unusual fields," a film man tells us, and we agree, for we know it. A ship-chandler will have a fine collection of old prints; a coroner will have made Charles the Second his hobby, and in all probability have shelves full of rare documents about him.

Even the Government is prepared to help. A bureau has been opened in Whitehall offering expert historical information to film producers who need it. It can supply the names and tonnages of every ship in Elizabeth's fleet, valuable information about the dates of buildings, details about costumes, armour, harness and trappings, persons present at important State ceremonies, and so on.

The Effects Departments

Does the English producer make more of historical accuracy than Hollywood? is a natural question. English producers say, "Yes; we are nearer the sources, it is only natural that we should."

While the resources of a nation are at the disposal of the Research and Art Departments of British film studios, to help them to give us accurate pictures, a really wonderful work goes on in what is known as the Effects Department to reproduce sounds.

When the B.B.C. wants to give us an impression of a man approaching on

THE LEAGUE AND THE ANIMAL WORLD

BIRDS of the air, beasts of the field, and fish of the sea all came into the discussions of the League at its last meeting.

Nineteen countries, including sea-States like ours and land-locked ones like Switzerland, have entered into an agreement for the protection of whales, and it came into force in January.

The agreement has taken nearly ten years to become law, and when we hear that as many as 40,000 whales have sometimes been killed in one season it is easy to see the need of it.

The beasts of the field, the cows, the pigs, and the poultry, the small dogs that travel by train in baskets and the birds in cages, are also coming under international protection.

In the League document dealing with them we read such regulations as these:

Live animals must be sent by the quickest route and as far as possible by specially accelerated goods trains.

Live animals not in baskets or boxes must be accompanied on a long journey.

Pigs must be provided with proper litter; all animals must be suitably fed and receive all necessary attention to avoid suffering.

So long as we need such regulations it is fortunate that we have the League to see to them. In addition to this convention on transport there is one by which Governments agree to improve the health of animals by laws of cleanliness and by training veterinary officers, and another to give more freedom in the international trade in such things as hides, feathers, and so on. These three conventions are to be signed at once.

BUILDING UP TO PULL DOWN



High above the Victoria Embankment these men are bolting together the steel structure that will support the arches of Waterloo Bridge while it is being demolished.

Continued from the previous column

horseback, someone pounds two wooden blocks on the floor; in the theatre a sheet of tin off the stage crackles and shivers for wind and rain; but the sound-film gives us the real sounds of real things.

The sound-track which accompanies the picture need not necessarily be made at the same time as the film; sound tracks made for one picture may be used for others. This has brought the Sound Library into being, surely one of the strangest of modern devices.

The Sound Library of the Gaumont British studios, for example, occupies thousands of tins and fills vault after vault at the top of their building. It already keeps three librarians busy and it is growing every week.

It sends men out to the ends of the Earth to bring in fresh "documents." A Rhodes picture is planned; men must be dispatched to Africa to record

the roar of the Victoria Falls and the queer clucking noises the Matabele people make in their throats.

The catalogue of a Sound Library is an eye-opener to the vast amount of work which goes into the smallest detail of our entertainment. Under the heading Animals is room for an entire Zoo-full of noises. Under this heading comes Dog. The large dog, the small dog, the glad dog, the mad dog, the dog on guard, the dog alarmed, the urgent dog, the dog baying the Moon—each demands its record. Then there are dogs in chorus, in kennels, in teams, in packs of hounds, and all their different moods. Not all are recorded as yet, but the possibilities are there.

Under Bells a modest collection comprises Angelus, Buddhist, Church, Cow, Electric (door), and Wedding. Under Clocks we found 13 items, ranging from Alarm to Westminster Chimes. And so it goes on down the alphabet.

THE USEFUL AUNTS

A SPLENDID MOVEMENT OF OUR TIME

The Help-Your-Neighbour-When-She-Needs-It Idea

IS THERE A GOOD UNCLE ANYWHERE?

Some years ago the papers reported a heartbreaking tragedy: a mother, obliged to take one child to the hospital, came home to find her house had been burned while she was away.

When Mrs E. W. Hardy of Manchester read of this, a picture passed through her mind of the scores of childless women who would have been glad to stay with the children and keep watch against accidents.

Mrs Hardy turned her home into a Good-Neighbours Information Bureau, collecting in one file the names and addresses of those willing to help in the way indicated, and in another file information about families or lonely people in need of neighbourly aid. Then she used her mother wit to clear the channels through which goodwill might flow.

More Than Money

She went out for no endowment, she asked for no subscriptions, dues, or fees; and today, four years later, money still does not come into it in any way.

The organisation will send someone to take charge of children for a few hours; see that children are taken to school, doctor, dentist, or hospital, or be met at the railway station; or see that old people's pensions are collected, that cripples' library books are exchanged, that the blind have someone to read to them, to do their mending, to write their letters, or to play a game of draughts. These friendly helpers distribute no funds, and they pay their own bus fares.

Mrs Hardy gave her plan a thorough trial in Manchester, and then wrote to The Times to tell others about it. Similar organisations sprang up in Stockport, Bristol, Rochdale, and London.

Wanted, An Office

The Voluntary Useful Aids (a name adopted to avoid confusion with the well-known Universal Aunts) have at present no central headquarters. The Organising Secretary of the V.U.A. manages everything from her flat at 7 Lowndes Court, S.W.1.

Is there not in all London some Voluntary Unofficial Uncle who will allow the good aunts the use of a centrally located office? If there is, we hope these lines will find him out.

Unofficial Aunts or Useful Aids range in age from 18 to 68; they come from all walks in life and are on call to serve all sorts of people. They must be able to give at least one half-day a fortnight, but are asked to enter into no formal obligations. Aunts with cars can be specially useful.

TELEVISION

Its First Newspaper

The first television newspaper has been put in operation by the Soviet Radio Committee in Moscow, and is known as a Telechronique.

It is really a cinematograph film, with talking and pictures, which is televised from Moscow and can be picked up by anybody having the necessary receiving apparatus. Two wireless receivers are needed for this, one to pick up the sound, and the other, working on a different wavelength, to pick up the vision.

The television illustrated newspaper is a thing we are almost sure to see in every important country within the next year or two.

A GERMAN TRIUMPH VICTORY WHERE OTHERS FAIL

Disaster on Disaster Among
the Great Airships

ARE THEY WORTH WHILE?

The disaster to the Macon has once more raised the question of the value of the airship as a safe means of transport.

The Macon was the biggest airship in the world, having a cubic capacity of 6,500,000 feet. Like her sister ship the Akron, which perished when cruising off New Jersey in 1933, the Macon was filled with non-flammable helium gas and driven by heavy-oil engines, both features eliminating the risk of fire. Yet structural weaknesses have proved the undoing of these and other airships.

The Miracle

America has suffered more than most countries, the Shenandoah having met with disaster in 1925 and the Roma in 1922, and she is now asking herself whether to go on building these monsters of the air which cost so much and are difficult to handle in a violent storm. America has lost over a hundred precious lives in four great disasters, and it is a miracle that Commander Wiley, the captain of the Macon, should have survived the wrecks of the last three.

Our own country has twice decided to build no more airships, first after the wreck of the R 38 over the Humber on a calm day in 1922 and finally when the R 101 crashed at Beauvais in 1930. After that disaster we broke up the sister ship R 100 and closed down our airship factory at Cardington.

Japan, Italy, and France have all lost airships since the war, but one country, Germany (perhaps the cleverest scientific country in the world), has so far succeeded where all the rest have failed. Her Graf Zeppelin, launched in 1928, toured round the world in 1929 and 1930 and has since travelled regularly to South America and back, crossing the Atlantic at its narrowest and calmest point. Her commander, Captain Eckener, has crossed the Atlantic more than 50 times and has no lack of confidence in the future of the airship.

Continuity in Construction

The Graf Zeppelin has a capacity of 3,708,000 cubic feet, but her new companion, LZ 129, which will soon be completed, has a capacity of 6,700,000 cubic feet and is 813 feet long, the longest airship ever built. Helium gas cells completely surround those containing hydrogen within the envelope, while Diesel engines drive her along.

Perhaps the explanation of the freedom of the German craft from accidents is the continuity in their construction and navigation. The same engineers and navigators have been associated with them for years and know exactly what stresses they can endure without risk of accident.

VENTILATE THE MINES

Better Roads Wanted

At a mining conference the president appealed for better mine ventilation to save life.

A remedy which has been suggested is to fix minimum sizes of roads along which air will travel freely. Standard sizes for roads, fixed by law, would prevent mine explosions and accidents from other causes.

The use of wood roof supports was condemned, and it was urged that modern safety lamps should be compulsory.

The Royal Marines have for the first time supplied the guard at Buckingham Palace.

The first cut for 400 years has just been made in the walls of Salisbury Cathedral, for a new door in the north choir aisle.

THIS MAD WORLD A PENNILESS MAN'S WAY IN IT

Why He Committed a Crime
That Was No Crime

THE PITIFUL STORY OF JULES MARIN

Mr Jules Marin, aged 62, used to teach French at the Louisville Institute of Technology in Kentucky, but when the world depression came the staff was cut down and younger men were wanted for such posts as were going.

Mr Marin, once a member of the Louisville Board of Trade, finding himself penniless, wrote to President Roosevelt, strongly criticising his policies. Then he walked into the Federal Building, said he had insulted the President, and would they please lock him up. In this way, at least, he reasoned, he would be housed and fed.

He was told, however, that he had committed no crime, that America was a free country, and that its citizens could criticise the President if they wished.

This incident throws into relief a great wrong and a great right. It is wrong, because it is stupid, that a man like Mr Marin should be able to find no way of keeping body and soul together except by trying to commit a crime; but it is right that he should be allowed to think for himself, and to say what he thinks without seeing prison gates or at least the gates of a Concentration Camp yawning.

OLD-WORLD IDEA IN THE NEW WORLD

Justice Descends From the Sky

The aeroplane has been used in Australia to speed up justice.

Instead of summoning all concerned to appear at his Assize Court at Port Darwin, Judge Wells decided to remove his court by air to Alice Springs, over 1000 miles distant across barren country. With him the judge took the Crown Prosecutor and the officials of his court, and by so doing saved the long trek to Port Darwin of very many witnesses, police officers, and prisoners.

It was justice descending from the skies for the people of Alice Springs, and it reminds us of a quaint convention practised in Greek theatres over 2000 years ago. It sometimes happened that the drama required the intervention of one of the Olympian gods to clear up a state of affairs beyond the wit of mortals, and, lo! a platform was made to descend from the top of the back scene and Minerva or Jupiter stepped on to the stage.

A crane was employed to lift the gods from Earth to Heaven and from Heaven to Earth, and so thrilling was it that it was named *The Machine*. Even today we use the phrase *Deus ex machina* for anyone who solves a great difficulty in the affairs of men in a sudden and unexpected manner.

NURSE WALKS AGAIN

Too often we read about something in the news which leaves us thinking, "I should like to know how it ended."

Most of us felt like that when we read in the summer how the Queen, visiting a hospital, spoke to a nurse who had injured her spine in helping a patient. The nurse was aware of the dangerous strain, but her patient was begging for air, and she struggled to open a big window, strain or no strain. The injury was so severe that it seemed as if the nurse would spend the rest of her life on a bed or spinal carriage.

The Queen said she hoped the nurse would get well, and so hoped all of us.

Then the kind-hearted nurse with the injured spine passed out of the news.

But happily she returns to it. She has had marvellous treatment, and is now able to walk.

FINGER-PRINTS FREE What Happened in a Little Town

At Genesco, a little town of 2200 inhabitants in the State of New York, an offer was made by a newspaper to take all finger-prints free of charge.

A placard said that in this way the family might be protected against kidnappers and substitutes. They are said to be useful to the Insurance Companies and Banks. They assist in cases of identification of people who lose their memory or suffer an accident. The offer had nothing to do with detection of criminals or the police.

Within a week over half the town had their finger-prints permanently fixed.

The first to arrive was a Boy Scout. Then an old man of 78 wanted to protect himself against the consequence of loss of memory. The parents of a little girl four months old brought her to be duly registered.

The newspaper is thinking of starting a campaign to take the finger-prints of all the inhabitants of the United States.

THE TWO-CANDLE DAY How George Ashley Times His Work

There is one man in England who still times his work by candles.

He is George Ashley, who burrows deep in the earth at Brandon in Suffolk, searching for the flints which his mate Herbert Field chips to fit the old flint-lock guns still used in primitive places. They are two of our last flint-knappers, and old Mr Ashley is surely the only man in England who prefers a candle to a watch as a timekeeper.

Though he is 71 he still makes his way each morning down a shaft 50 feet deep, looking for flints as did Stone Age men in pits close by when they wanted to renew their arrowheads and axes. Besides his lunch he takes with him two candles, and when these are burned through he climbs up out of the pit and goes home. They tell him when his day's work is done.

THE NOISY FLAT

Too Flimsy To Keep Out Sound

We all know some of the drawbacks of the modern flat; we wonder how many people know the facts about the sound-carrying powers of some of them.

An expert tells us that many residential floors will transmit the sound made by a threepenny-bit dropped from a height of only half an inch, while the floors of workmen's dwellings will transmit the sound of a small coin dropped only a quarter of an inch.

Walls are almost as bad. In flats, as in the modern small house, conversations cannot be private, and the use of gramophones and wireless receivers becomes an intolerable nuisance. A doctor attending an invalid tells how he heard the people in the next villa commenting on his visit.

The noisy home is noisy because it is flimsy. Victorian houses, even when they were what was called jerry-built, were well constructed compared with many of the structures of today.

HOW THE MICROPHONE HELPS

The microphone is put to an ingenious use in a New York speech clinic frequented by stutterers of all ages.

It is used to prove to them what progress they are making. The whole art of freeing a patient from the habit of stuttering lies in restoring his faith in himself and teaching him to control his too-sensitive emotions. The microphone can help in both.

This clinic has been so successful that the President of the New York Academy of Medicine tells us that he is convinced that "stuttering is an absolutely curable condition."

THE PARABLE OF THE PEPPER POT

The Tables Turned

THE LITTLE THING THE GREAT GAMBLERS FORGOT

What has happened in the pepper market is not difficult to understand.

In all common commodities there is much dealing in what are called "futures," by which is meant food and materials to be delivered at a future date. This readily lends itself to speculation. If a speculator believes a certain article will become dearer in three months time he buys for a rise in price. If he anticipates a fall in price he sells for future delivery at the ruling price in the hope of buying back more cheaply by-and-by.

Now and then supplies are bought to corner or monopolise the market, thus sending up prices, so that the monopolised stock can be sold at a profit.

The Black and the White

This plan was attempted with pepper. The quantity shipped to London in 1932 was 93,000 tons; in 1933 it was 141,000 tons. A body (or pool) of speculators agreed to buy up all white pepper, so raise its price, and then sell at a profit.

To their dismay they found that the more pepper they bought the more came into the market; and the pool broke up with much pepper on its hands which it could not sell save at a heavy loss, and much more pepper arriving which it had promised to buy but had not the money to buy with.

One fact which seems to have upset them is that they forgot a little thing of much interest—that black pepper can easily be made white. As they bought white pepper, so black pepper was made white, and so they were confounded. For once the gamblers found that the tables were turned.

Several of the speculating firms became bankrupt, and in doing so brought about the ruin of brokers who bought for them. This meant trouble for many innocent people.

Undermining Commerce

It was speculation of this sort which caused the terrible crash in the United States in 1929, by which all the world, from poor cultivators of rice in Burma to ranchers in Argentina and steelworkers in Jarrow, were brought to undeserved suffering.

Such speculation undermines the confidence which is the soul of commerce. The time will come when the public will awaken to realities in such matters and refuse to allow their food supplies to be made the counters in a gamble.

The Great Plot of the Pepper Pot is to be regarded as a parable, and there ought to be an official investigation.

ONE MORE BEAUTIFUL THING TO BE SAVED

A.A. To the Rescue

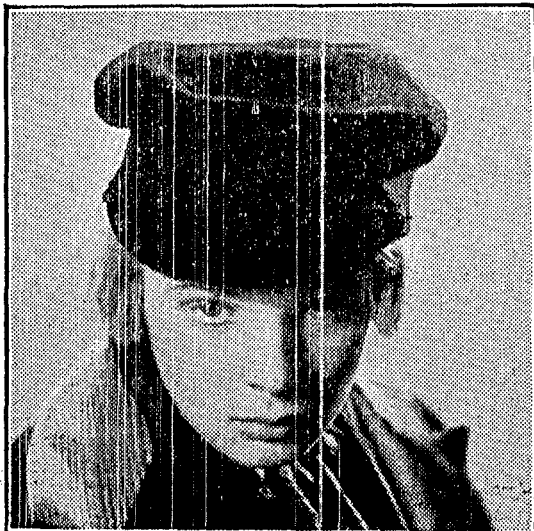
The C.N. congratulates the A.A. in coming to the rescue of Wansford Bridge near Northampton, very old and very beautiful.

It is not capable of carrying heavy lorries, tractors, steam engines, and motor-coaches, so the local authorities provided a bypass and a sturdy modern bridge; but still too much traffic chose to pass over the old bridge.

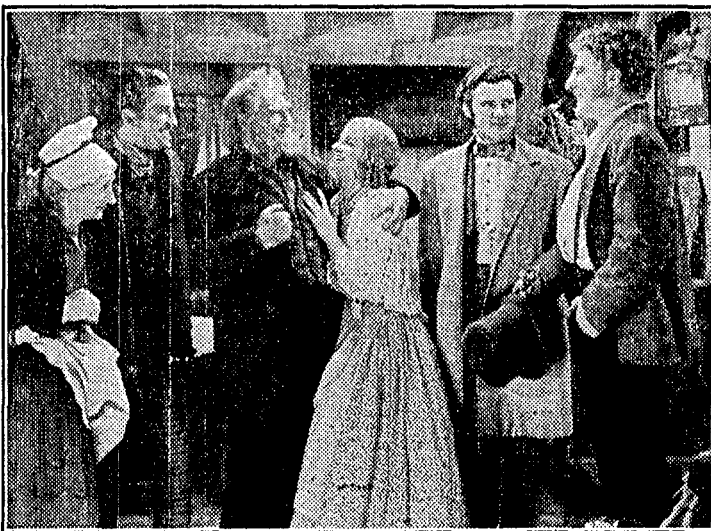
Now the A.A. has come to the rescue. Their Scouts, who are the most polite men in the world, have been instructed to divert traffic to the bypass as persuasively as possible. Routes issued to members of the association will be altered so as to avoid the bridge. Thus, like brave Horatius, they hope to hold the bridge until a statute is passed which will protect it by law.

So one more beautiful thing is saved for England.

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP ON THE FILMS



Peter Penrose as Kit in The Old Curiosity Shop



David Copperfield (left) in Daniel Peggotty's cottage at Yarmouth



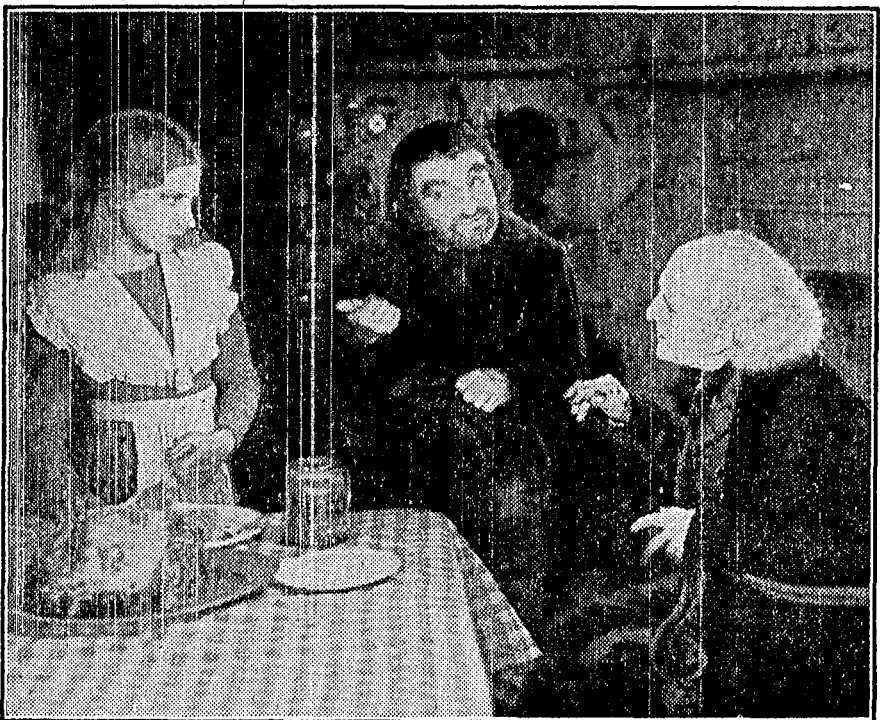
Elaine Benson as Little Nell in The Old Curiosity Shop



The Old Curiosity Shop—Little Nell and her Grandfather rest by the wayside



Young David Copperfield (Freddie Bartholomew) and Micawber (W. C. Fields)



Hay Petrie as Quilp, with Little Nell and Grandfather Trent



David Copperfield in church with his Mother and Nurse Peggotty

Two great Dickens stories have been filmed : The Old Curiosity Shop, made in England by British International Pictures, and David Copperfield, produced in Hollywood by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. On this page we give pictures of some of the characters in these films.

Arthur Mee's Broadcast

HOW THE EYES OF THE WORLD WERE OPENED

We have been considering the dragons that stood in the way of human progress in the distant past. This week we glance at some of the dreadful things that marred the days that some who are still living can remember.

MARTIN LUTHER was a great man, yet he wrote that a man who met a rebel was to be both judge and executioner, remembering that in those times a prince could merit heaven better with bloodshed than another with prayer. "Whoever can," said Luther, "should knock down, strangle, and stab such publicly or privately, and think nothing so venomous, pernicious, and devilish as an insurgent."

So terrible has been the narrowness of the human mind in the past, so slow has been the dawning of these humane years in which we live.

Miseries of the Distant Past

But it is a wretched thing, you may say, to look back so far, to go in this way through the miseries of the distant past. Well, let us look at the world that some still remember. It was still a world of ignorance. Out of 26 barons who signed Magna Carta only three could write their names, and six hundred years after that half the men and women of the nation could not write. Half the children were growing up without any learning at all, and knowledge was taxed in every way. So was health. There was a tax on windows, which kept the sun from the houses of the poor; there was a tax on insurance, which hindered thrift; there was a tax on advertising, which hindered business; there was a tax on tops, which hindered play. Worst of all was the fourpenny tax on newspapers; the nation which had beaten Napoleon could not endure cheap newspapers.

All through the first half of last century knowledge was taxed beyond the means of the poor and kept in narrow bounds. The Duke of Wellington opposed the admission of Nonconformists to universities because he said it would imperil the coronation oath; and even Lord Shaftesbury, who had saved the children of England from slavery, declared that the idea of national education was hostile to the Constitution and to religion. He who had saved the bodies of our children seems to have feared still to save their minds.

Scenes of Prison Life

No wonder our prisons were crammed. Elizabeth Fry found men and women and children huddled together in Newgate like wild beasts, and the scenes of prison life frightened strong men. The Governor of Newgate dared not go into the cells until Elizabeth Fry had done her work and made it possible for warders to mix with prisoners. For years innocent men lay in gaol under these conditions, women and children with them, because they could not afford to pay the warders for the little bit of extra food or the light from a tiny window they had had; and they stayed on, growing deeper and deeper into debt, until the life that remained to them was not worth living. In Edmund Burke's day there were 223 offences for which death was the penalty, and Burke said that he could get the House of Commons to agree to any Bill making another. It took Samuel Romilly 14 years to remove only two offences from this terrible death code.

In 1834 there was a death sentence in this country for every day of the year and an extra one for every Sunday, and it took a whole generation of agitation to stop this barbarism in the heart of England. The dragons of St George's land were not yet slain.

WE have seen how the children were sacrificed while England led Europe to freedom a hundred years ago. What of the men who broke Napoleon's power?

We talk of our Army and Navy with admiration now, but look back not many years. None of us would have taken into our homes the average soldier at Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington himself said of the man who enlisted in the British Army that he was generally the worst drunkard and probably the worst workman in his town; and some may remember a Minister for War who told the House of Commons that it had come to be a question whether the Army should collapse or not. We could not get men. Why? Let us see.

After the French wars were over, when huge sums of money were being voted to Wellington and the officers, it was proposed to reward the men too, and what do you think was to be their reward for Waterloo? It was proposed to reward them by limiting their flogging to a hundred lashes! The flogging of soldiers for all sorts of offences was so bad that the

floggers would take it in shifts, and a doctor stood by to say how much a man could stand without dying. It is hard for us to believe it, but it is true that Lord Palmerston opposed this concession to the men who beat Napoleon. It was rejected, and the flogging went on; sometimes a man would get a thousand lashes as a single punishment.

At last, when the Victorian Era was well on its way, a soldier was flogged to death, and Parliament then reduced the flogging to fifty lashes. There are men still living who remember the day when our Government proposed to abolish this flogging of soldiers.

Through all the years till then the men of our Army were treated like dogs, or worse than the law would allow any man to treat his dog now. Yet when the end of this cruelty came Queen Victoria wrote to Mr Gladstone earnestly begging him not to stop flogging, as it would deprive the officers of the only power they had of keeping young troops in order. It is to the everlasting honour of Mr Gladstone that he answered Queen Victoria by abolishing flogging, and the abolition was followed by a rush to the Colours. The Army had at last a character, and men were not ashamed to belong to it. A soldier was a man, and no longer a cringing creature under a lash.

That is how we treated our Army, and the story of the Navy is worse. As

Columbus took men from Spanish prisons to find America, so we sent out men from prison to win Trafalgar. The Navy could never get enough men to beat Napoleon, even by offering £70 apiece, but at last every county was ordered to supply its share, and they sent their beggars and vagabonds out to sea. It was this scum of the population that kept the clean manhood of England out of the Navy and gave rise to what was called the press-gang. A man and his wife looking into a shop window were suddenly attacked by a gang of roughs. The man was struck on the head till he fainted; the woman was beaten so that she lay ill three months. It was only the press-gang at work. The Times said one morning: "The press in the river for the last few days has been very severe. Five or six hundred men have been laid hold of. A number of convicts in Newgate have been permitted to enter marching regiments." Two out of three men ran away from the Navy in Nelson's wars. Most captains flogged the men continually with cat-o'-nine-tails, and his mates would generally make a man drunk before the flogging, as a doctor makes a man unconscious before an operation. It was easy enough, for every man in the Navy was allowed a gallon of beer or half a pint of rum a day.

The Way We Came

A thousand other things we could bring into this story, but we must leave it. We have seen how evil dies hard, how the human mind broadens slowly, how dark and cruel was the past from which we came.

Looking back on it all, and looking out on the world as it is, we may think it mad, but it is the way we came. Mad it is, this pitiful destruction of Europe all about us, but are we sure that the future may not think it worth the price?

Often we must feel in our own lives that it is good to have passed through the fires. It is hard to believe—it is hard to believe that man has found the laws of health through all the agony of disease; but this warfare of the ages, this sacrifice of lives to poison and parasite and plague, has brought the world immeasurable relief from pain, and will bring to generations untold an incalculable sum of happiness. There might have been other ways to knowledge than through error; God's way has been through crucifixion to redemption.

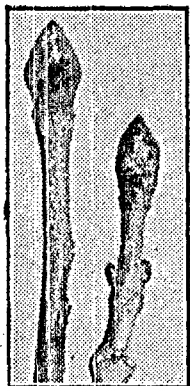
A Watchful Power

And man is not so very much wiser. There are other ways to national power than through drink and slums. There are better ways of building houses than to build without light and ventilation; there are better ways of using alcohol than to allow it to creep through the streets like a snake; and we who allow these things need not rave about microbes or rail about the ways of God.

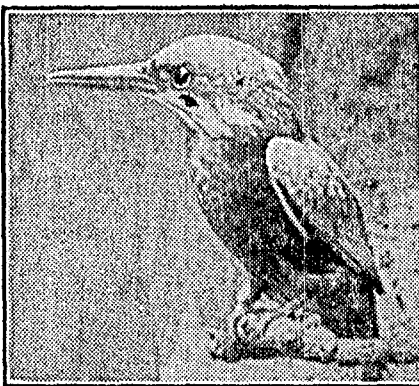
Not once, nor twice, but many times some desperate reinforcement has come to those who strive to save mankind. Plague, famine, and disaster have opened the eyes of a world that would not believe. It is as if, somewhere in the recesses of the Universe, there is a watchful Power that will not tolerate the callousness of those who pass by on the other side while pain and misery and ignorance call for their aid

continued next week

NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



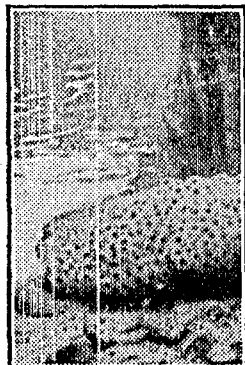
Horse chestnut buds have tiny hairs from which will come sticky exudations



The beautiful kingfisher may be seen perched on a branch overhanging a quiet stream watching for fish



The scented butterbur blossoms. It has an almond-like smell



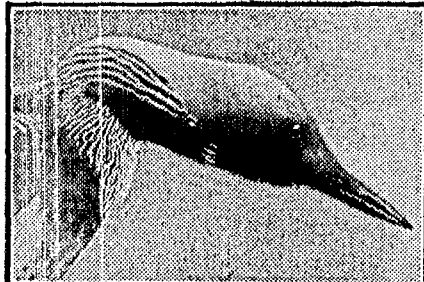
The jelly-like masses of frog spawn are now to be seen in ponds



The great water-beetle may be seen moving about in shallow ponds. It does not hibernate



The ivy-leaved speedwell, a common weed, is now blooming



The black-throated diver, one of the three British species of divers, is now assuming its summer plumage



Early in the morning the carrion crow visits gardens in the country and eats refuse and carrion of all kinds

THE LONELY STALL ON THE PARIS QUAYS

CHARLES DODEMAN
HAS GONE

The Man Who Sold Books and
Loved Them and Wrote Them

40 YEARS BY THE SEINE

From Our Paris Correspondent

The booksellers of the Paris quays are mourning one of their most famous fellow-workers, for old Charles Dodeman has passed on, leaving many friends in his own country and abroad.

Dodeman was a thinker, an author, and an artist. His is an interesting story. Some 70 years ago Jenny Brown, the daughter of a Brighton preacher, spent her holidays in France. She met the son of Colonel Dodeman, and they were married. Three boys were born, and brought up to love art and literature.

Sunshine After Shadow

Unfortunately they lost their parents very young. The two eldest boys went into the Army, but Charles was not strong enough. That did not worry him, for only two things interested him, reading and writing. He gave up all his time to this until one day he found his capital had gone. He had never thought of that! He had to make a living or starve.

Dodeman had gone several days without food when one summer evening he found himself by the river bank before a placard saying "To be let." The words referred to a bookstall.

"If I am not ready to live on my own books," he thought, "why not try to live on the books of others in the meantime?"

He found that the rent of the stall, books included, was ten francs, and he borrowed the ten francs and began work.

Everything was new to him, but everything proved to be for the best in the circumstances. He had a good place, a good view, good neighbours, fine trees, and a good seat. The poet in him rejoiced, and he began writing.

Homage To a Poet

From that day Dodeman enjoyed a life full of interest, for many a little drama was unfolded before him as he looked after his stall from morning to night for 40 years. Here are some passages from his diary which give a good idea of his observations:

One day a man stopped before a large portrait of Victor Hugo exhibited on my stall. He stared at the picture for a little while; then suddenly tears rolled down his cheeks, sincere tears from an enthusiastic heart. Did the great poet ever receive greater homage?

I have noticed that the English are always punctual. If they make appointments they come in time. They never tell you, as some Frenchmen do, "I gave you an appointment for 9 o'clock, but I expected you would be late." And if an Englishman promises to come back for a book you are getting for him, he does come back.

It is a curious thing that in the three kinds of collecting in which sight plays the greatest part—in coins, stamps, and pictures—my most enthusiastic customers are three blind men.

When two amateurs meet by a bookstall what will they talk about? About books? Not always. An editor and a bishop happened to come together here the other day, and they began talking on prayer. After a conversation of perhaps half an hour on the subject the bishop concluded, "Prayer creates a beneficent influence. One can deny many things about the unseen, but not the existence of a reservoir from which the soul draws energy to struggle against evil; and this reservoir is the prayer of the believer."

Charles Dodeman became very popular; and many famous men of letters and collectors came to visit him. Apart from his three-volume diary he left 32 novels, all with a message of idealism.

NAVY'S ROBOT SHIP

Wonders of
H.M.S. Centurion

VESSEL UNDER FIRE WITHOUT
A MAN ON BOARD

H.M.S. Centurion, the robot ship of the Navy, recently arrived at Malta for the first naval shooting practice of the year with the Mediterranean Fleet.

Every unit in this fleet, from battleships to small destroyers and submarines, will try to sink her within the next few weeks before she returns to Gibraltar on April 18, and thence to Devonport on May 1.

The Centurion is an old battleship of 23,000 tons and 27,000 h.p., scientifically converted into a fast-moving target. When she is under fire she is crewless, being controlled from a small attendant destroyer, H.M.S. Shikari, which follows some miles astern.

At the touch of a dial in the Shikari the huge target turns to port or starboard, goes full ahead or full astern, and puts up defensive smoke clouds.

The vessel is largely filled with cork to make her unsinkable, the other space being crammed with apparatus and engines. She is the only vessel of her kind in the world.

Controlling Pilotless Aeroplanes

In addition to the transformed Centurion experimenters have also evolved wireless controlled motor-boats and torpedoes. The latest thing in remote control is, however, that of aircraft.

Experiments with wireless controlled aeroplanes have been successful not only in Great Britain, but also in France, Italy, and the U.S.A. In the U.S.A. a whole flight of machines was recently directed by wireless in a cross-country flight; the pilots in them did not have to operate the controls, even for landing.

In both France and England planes have been sent up, flown and brought back, with nobody in them; and in Italy a pilotless plane has been controlled in the air from an attendant squadron.

It may soon be possible for one pilot to ascend with two or more aeroplanes under his control.

BACK TO HARNESS

The Great Physician and the
Poor Widow

Sir Thomas Parkinson, one of the kindest and cleverest physicians of our day, has passed on after an operation.

All sorts of stories are told of his goodness, but nothing is better than the tale of how he retired.

He found it necessary, for reasons of health and age, and a young doctor bought his London practice. But before long this young doctor died, and at once Sir Thomas returned to work and continued to run the practice until the widow could sell it satisfactorily. It was a valuable property, not a piece of wreckage, when she disposed of it, thanks to that chivalrous old man.

RATS

We may be hearing soon of a new Pied Piper. His reward is already decided on.

For far up in the North, at Kirkby Lonsdale in Westmorland, a plague of rats is abroad. They have gnawed their way through thick house doors in one night, so a prize is offered to him who destroys most rats during the month, delivering their tails to the Council.

We hope this Piper will have better treatment than his illustrious predecessor; but, better still, we hope our authorities will cease to rely on Rat Weeks, and deal with this serious menace day by day.

BOOBOO'S BABY

FIRST CHIMPANZEE BORN AT THE ZOO

Ten-Year Recluse Decides To
See the World

PONGO CHANGES HIS MIND

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Jubilee, the new baby chimpanzee, is the first to be born in the Zoo. Only once before has a chimpanzee been bred in this country, and that was in the Bristol Zoo last summer.

Booboo is a well-known Zoo favourite, for at one time she presided at the famous chimpanzee tea-parties. As she began to grow up her temper became rather erratic, and as only tame chimpanzees can be allowed to take part in these parties she had to resign about three years ago.

But she is being a model mother, carrying her baby about with her wherever she goes. She will continue to carry it about until it is strong enough to walk. It is a queer-looking infant, about a foot long with a large head thickly covered with black hair. Its face is flesh-pink and so are its prominent ears; its eyes are blue like a human baby's and have a wondering expression, while its body is just thinly covered with black hairs.

Orang-utan and Kangaroo

Another inmate of the Monkey House is in the Zoo news. After being a recluse for ten years an orang-utan nicknamed Pongo has suddenly become sociable and decided to be a Zoo pet.

This ape is one of a collection of six orang-utans bought by the Zoo in 1925, and at the time of his arrival he was so weakly and malformed that he was not expected to live.

From the very first he proved to be a singularly aloof and unfriendly animal, and he not only disliked mankind, but was equally intolerant of other creatures. The Zoo had great difficulty in providing him with a companion, for he refused to live in peace with orang-utans, and not until many unsuccessful attempts had been made to provide him with some other kind of playmate did he eventually cause a sensation by making friends with a tree kangaroo.

Joey and Mary

This queer friendship lasted for some time, but when it ended in a fight Pongo made friends with a baboon; and then in 1930 when a pair of young orang-utans called Joey and Mary arrived at the Zoo Pongo consented to share a den with them. He has always been on good terms with Joey and Mary; but although his companions soon became tame enough to come out of their cage to play with visitors Pongo would not leave the den.

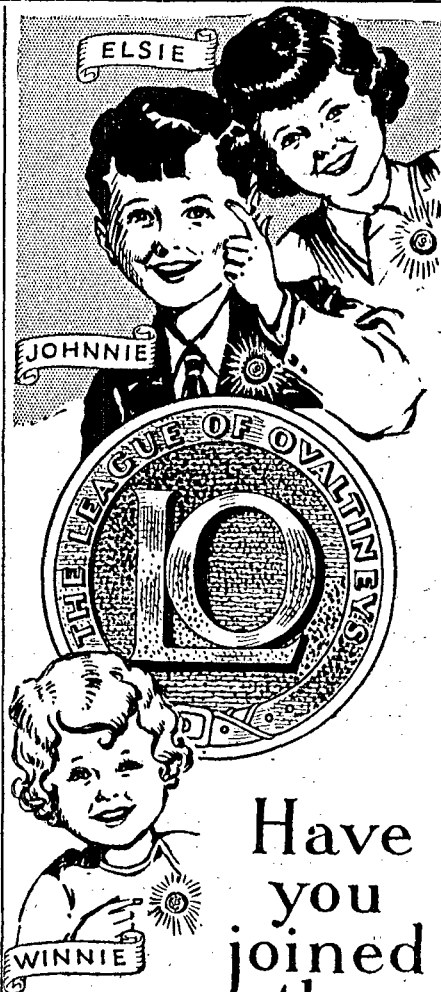
Recently, however, Pongo suddenly changed his mind, and one day when Joey and Mary left the cage to interview some callers Pongo walked out too. Since then he has made a habit of coming out with them, and he now likes to have his hand held and his whiskers stroked. That Pongo should suddenly become sociable at 13 is extraordinary, for at this age orang-utans are as a rule neither trustworthy nor tolerant with strangers.

THE FASTEST SHIP

While records in any branch of engineering are today very short lived, the record for tremendous speed on the sea is now held by the new French destroyer Terrible, which on her trials the other day attained a speed of just over 45 knots, more than 50 land-miles an hour. Her displacement is only 2569 tons, and she has turbines of 74,000 horse-power.

THE SMOKER'S 30 FIRES

An Aberdeen firemaster declares that nearly 30 of 200 fires were caused last year in Aberdeen by the careless throwing away of cigarettes or matches.



Have
you
joined
the

League of Ovaltineys?

ANY boy or girl who has not yet joined the League of Ovaltineys is missing lots of fun. There are secret signs, signals, and a mysterious code. Then there is the handsome bronze badge, which thousands of boys and girls are now wearing.

Elsie, Johnnie and Winnie—those popular Ovaltineys—will be happy to welcome you into the League.

FILL UP THE APPLICATION FORM BELOW

On receipt of the form below, the Chief Ovaltiney will send you the official handbook and tell you how to get your bronze badge. Send the form in an open envelope (4d. stamp).

POST THIS TO-DAY!

To the **CHIEF OVALTINEY**,
The 'Ovaltine' Factory,
King's Langley, Herts.

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Handbook of the League.

Name.....

Age.....

Address.....

Children's
Newspaper, Mar. 2 (Write in **BLOCK** letters)

INTERNATIONAL AIR POLICE A GRAVE PROBLEM Mankind Once More on the Brink of the Precipice A WORLD CONSCIENCE

How Shall We Escape? By Norman Maclean. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s 6d.

The question of an International Air Force comes close upon the question of the International Police Force. We have seen the Police Force working well in the Saar; the Air Force is being proposed as a means of security for the Western European nations. It seems a proper time to consider the new book by Dr Norman Maclean.

The Misery of Humanity

What Dr Maclean has to say seems to us so important that we give here the gist of his argument, quoting the most significant passages as they appear in the book.

It cannot but be manifest to the most casual observer that humanity is once more on the brink of the precipice, and that only a push is needed to hurl the nations into the abyss.

There can be no escape from war except by deliverance from fear. And there can be no deliverance from fear except one—and that is Security. It is law operating through force that has made life secure within the confines of every civilised State.

The misery of humanity springs from the fact that the reign of law ceases at the frontier of the individual State. Surely the solution lies in providing the League with the requisite force that will make its edicts effective.

An International Authority backed by an International Air Force would free the world from its fear and give it the longed-for peace.

Human Life Sacred

Dr Maclean makes out a strong argument, and a most readable one. Over against it we hear the still, small voice of the Quakers asking, "If you want to go to Edinburgh should you set out for Dover?" and reminding us that the thing we have to build up is an international morality, a conviction that human life is sacred and that to take it in any cause whatever is a crime.

The International Air Force, thinks Ruth Fry, cannot be a real policeman; it will have to be a sort of air army. A policeman is a person, and his job is to bring an offender before a judge to be tried. But an army is judge, jury, and executioner all in one. A whole population cannot be brought to trial. The best you could do would be to try the Cabinet of the offending country.

"We are struggling for a world conscience, not for a world War Office," says Miss Fry; "you cannot have a moral judgment when it is spoiled by a physical threat."

Time For Thought Needed

Strangely enough, it is on this side that Sir Austen Chamberlain stands. To give the League an International Air Force would be to turn it into a belligerent force whenever war breaks out, he says. "It will then lose the moral position that now enables it to settle peacefully so many international disputes . . . It would be a fatal day for the League when you entrust directly to it the possession and use of armed force."

The C.N., like the League of Nations Union, wants more time to think this over—and to read Dr Maclean's book again before it makes up its mind.

In the meantime the special use of the Air Forces of the nations in case of attack is a powerful idea in the new peace proposals for Europe. It is one thing to build up a permanent International Force, but quite another to use existing forces internationally if war should come.

TURKEY MOVING ON 17 Women in Parliament SITTING WITHOUT HATS

The New Turkey has just held a General Election. The number of Deputies is 399. There were 17 women candidates, and all were elected—this in the Turkey where almost yesterday women went veiled! The President, Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Ataturk, a strong believer in women's enfranchisement, has decreed that women are to sit in Parliament with bare heads. The Turkish reforms now include:

- Adoption of our familiar Latin Alphabet.
- Reformation of the Turkish language by the abolition of foreign words.
- Abolition of the headdress known as the fez.
- Compulsory adoption of Western European dress.
- Abolition of the veiling of women.
- Women's general and parliamentary enfranchisement.
- Adoption of Angora as the capital and its entire replanning and rebuilding.

The Ghazi may be called a Constitutional Dictator. He has a Parliament and tolerates the existence of Parties. Citizens who are not Moslems can become Deputies; one of those just elected is a Jew.

BLACK AND WHITE TOGETHER

When we wrote of the new church of St Alban at Dar-es-Salaam in the C.N. the other day we were under the impression that it was the first church in Tanganyika to be used by Europeans and Africans together.

We are glad to find that it is not so. In Zanzibar and in Masasi, both in Tanganyika, the Universities Mission to Central Africa has been at work three-quarters of a century, and there has never been any question of separate churches for Europeans and Africans. Europeans who understand the language sometimes attend the African services.

RUSSIA'S SOLDIERS Peace Strength a Round Million SOVIET'S TWO ARMIES

The Soviet Congress has been informed by the Minister of Defence that Russia has now an army with a peace strength of 940,000.

This figure of roundly a million does not include reservists, or territorials, or frontier guards.

The Congress was also told that in the last few years the Russian Air Force has been increased 330 per cent, and their fighting range increased three to fourfold.

The light tanks have increased 760 per cent; and medium tanks 729 per cent with a three to sixfold increase in speed.

In the last few years the number of submarines has increased 435 per cent, and light torpedo-craft 370.

A system of concrete frontier fortifications has been completed, in both the East and the West.

We have to remember that Russia has to maintain forces East and West divided from each other by such enormous distances that, in effect, two distinct armies are needed.

THE SEVEN DOCTORS

Perhaps it is a record for the British Empire, or even for the world.

Six brothers of a family named Flynn, sons of the late Dr Flynn of Sydney, have graduated at Sydney University as medical practitioners. The eldest son started his university career in 1911, the youngest graduated in 1934.

During that period there was always one of these brothers at the medical school of the university. Now for the first time in 23 years Sydney University is without a member of the Flynn family.

TIBET'S BLEAK PLATEAU BROADCAST TALK ABOUT ITS PEOPLE

With John Wesley in the
Countryside of England
WORK ON A COTTON FARM

Here are some notes of some of the good things to be broadcast to schools by the B.B.C. on the National Transmitter next week.

Monday

2.5. Roots and the way in which root systems of various plants are adapted to different kinds of soil will be the subject of a gardening talk by Dr B. A. Keen. He will describe the root hairs and show the part they play in obtaining food and water for the plant.

2.30. An interlude in the World History series will deal with the Crusaders. We shall see the Crusaders from the West through the eyes of the much more civilised Byzantines, in answer to whose appeal for help against the Turks they have come eastward on the First Crusade.

Tuesday

11.30. Professor Kenneth Mason's Regional Geography talk will describe the monks and herdsmen who live in the Tibetan Plateau 15,000 feet above sea-level. This plateau is cold and bleak, shut off from rain-bearing ocean winds except in the extreme south-east. There is only a very short growing season, with the result that agriculture is restricted and the people are mainly herdsmen and shepherds of yaks, goats, and sheep. The main crop is barley, but even this is limited to the vicinity of villages and towns controlled by Buddhist monasteries.

2.5. Knowing Birds by Their Flight will be the subject of a talk in the Round the Countryside series.

Wednesday

2.5. John Wesley had many difficulties to contend with in his early days. He and his preachers had to hold their meetings out of doors, instead of in churches, and warrants were issued for their arrest for breach of the peace. In the English History broadcast we shall hear about Wesley and how his first few followers have grown in numbers to become the big Methodist movement of today.

2.30. Mr S. P. B. Mais is giving another of his book talks. This time it is about Master Skylark, by John Bennett.

Thursday

11.30. Miss Edith Coulthard will talk about the coalmining and shipping industries of Northumberland and Durham. She will describe a coalmine, a mining village, the launching of a ship on the Tyne, and the cargoes which can be seen loaded at a Tyneside port.

2.5. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will soon be presenting to the House of Commons another Budget. Today Commander King-Hall is going to tell us how the Government collects the money and how it is spent.

2.30. Professor Winifred Cullis is giving the first of three talks on Food and how the body deals with it. There are foods for body-building and foods producing heat and energy. Professor Cullis will explain what is meant by proteins, carbo-hydrates, and fats.

Friday

2.5. The Travel talk today will be given by Mr J. H. Kirk, who will describe a Negro cotton farm in the Southern States of the U.S.A. The cotton plant grows low to the ground in the warm, moist climate of the cotton belt. Under the acres and acres of ripe blossom the landscape looks as if it were covered with snow. The whole Negro family sets to work, picking and ginning. They live in ramshackle cabins and eat pork, molasses, "corn," and water-melon.

Are You Filling In the Map?

100,000 Miles of Free Rail
Travel For Successful Readers

AGAIN this week the C.N. is giving its readers four miniature reproductions in colour of Southern Railway posters. With these four more spaces can be filled in the Poster Stamp Album which was given with last week's C.N. If you did not obtain a copy you should ask your newsagent to get it for you today.

THERE are spaces in the album for forty of these beautiful Poster Stamps, and when the collection is completed the little Book of the Southern Railway will form an enchanting colour gallery. A very neat effect will be obtained if the white margins are cut away before sticking the Poster Stamps in the Album. Four stamps are to appear in the C.N. each week until all forty have been issued.

BUT the Book of the Southern Railway has another great interest for readers, for in a special supplement are given particulars of a novel Mapping Test with hundreds of prizes consisting of 100,000 Miles of Free Rail Travel. An outline map of Southern England is given, and readers not over fifteen are asked to map in their correct positions the forty places mentioned in the album. Readers may send in their attempts now or wait until their stamp collection is completed.

THINK of all the interesting places included in the Poster Stamp Collection and the many other interesting places in these islands. Successful readers will be able to choose where they wish to travel and they may take their friends with them—and there will be nothing to pay!

IT is regretted that the Mapping Test cannot be extended to include readers outside the British Isles, but the nature of the awards makes this impossible. Overseas readers will, however, be able to make the most attractive collection of Poster Stamps.

PLEASE ask your newsagent to deliver the C.N. regularly to ensure making your collection complete, and show your album to your friends so that they may start to collect the stamps before it is too late. Newsagents will be able to obtain copies of last week's C.N. containing the album and the first four stamps. Four more stamps will appear next week.

NEPTUNE AT ITS NEAREST

HOW TO FIND IT

World That is Never Seen
Where It Is

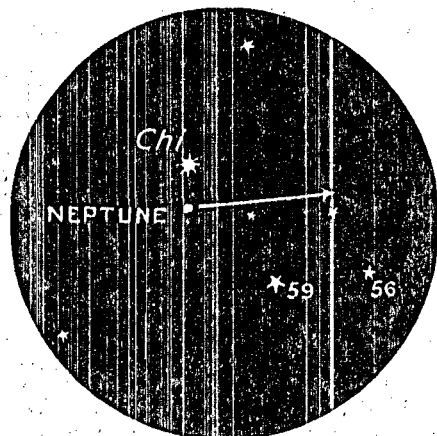
A CANOPY OF CLOUD

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Neptune will be at its nearest to us, for this year, on Monday next, March 4, being then 2,712,700,000 miles away; so the next few weeks will provide the best opportunities for getting a glimpse of this dim and remote world, with the aid of good field-glasses.

The field-glasses should have two-inch lenses and high magnification in order to see so faint an object as Neptune, which appears of only eighth magnitude; moreover the night should be very clear and dark. Fortunately the absence of the Moon from the late evening sky next week will favour observation, while the later Neptune is looked for the better, the planet being due south at midnight.

The accompanying star-map shows the exact position of Neptune among the



The path of Neptune

faint stars as seen in the field of view of the glasses at the present time, the arrow showing the path it will follow during the next three months relative to the star Chi in Leo. This star, which is of nearly fifth magnitude, is easily seen with the naked eye, and it may be readily identified by means of the map of the chief stars of Leo which appeared in the C.N. of February 16.

Thus the finding of Neptune becomes an easy matter providing suitable optical aid is available, but if an astrological telescope is used the star-map needs inverting. One of 2 to 3-inch aperture will show this weird world quite clearly. Actually it is placed about twice the apparent width of the Moon below the star Chi, which is the only one shown on the map that is visible to the naked eye except the smaller ones 59 and 56, which are only just perceptible on a clear dark night.

A Flight of Fancy

It is somewhat of an achievement to get a peep at such a far-off world when we reflect that, were it possible, an aeroplane speeding continuously at 100 miles an hour would take about 3100 years to reach it. This is assuming that Neptune stood still; but this vast world, 72 times the size of ours, is speeding at an average of 12,000 miles an hour, so the aeroplane would need to steer for the place where Neptune would be 3100 years hence. Now since it takes Neptune 164 years and 280 days to travel once round the Sun, it would go nearly twenty times round before its visitor could reach it.

Owing to its great distance Neptune is never seen just where it is, but between 46,000 and 50,000 miles away; this is due to the time it takes for the light from Neptune to reach us, its varying distance being due to the varying distance of the planet from the Earth.

When, therefore, the faint bluish-green disc of Neptune is observed in a telescope we know that this is what might be regarded as a sort of ghost

OLE MAN RIVER

Father Thames Goes Rolling Along

STORY OF AN OLD IDEA BORN AGAIN

It seems that Old Father Thames wants bridges more than barrages.

We were explaining the other day a scheme put forward for building a barrage, preferably at Woolwich, and we hear that it is the latest of a long line of such schemes which have been in the air for years. Almost the last word on such ideas was spoken by the late Lord Knutsford when he was Mr Sidney Holland, and a scheme for building a barrage at Gravesend had advanced as far as a meeting at the Mansion House.

The supposed advantages of the scheme were put forward by speaker after speaker, and did not differ greatly from those urged on behalf of a barrage at Woolwich. Such a barrage, these advocates pointed out, would create for London a magnificent freshwater lake.

A Sensation

There would be no tides to interfere with the free and easy passage of craft of every kind on this expanse of water, so that even a service of Thames steamers could be run at a fixed timetable. The entrances to the docks above the barrage could be easily improved, and the foreshores might be converted into things of beauty.

So much and more had been put forward by the supporters of the barrage, and they were proceeding to deal with possible objections, such as that this new lake of London would be a stagnant menace to health, when Mr Sidney Holland rose to say the first and last word on the subject. What he actually began by saying was, "May I ask, my Lord Mayor, how much longer we are to listen to all this nonsense?"

There was then what is sometimes described as a sensation, but the Lord Mayor, rather taken aback, asked Lord Knutsford to proceed.

He did so, and he pricked the bubble of the barrage. He pointed out, first, that the tides which the scheme sought to suppress were doubly useful in scouring the river and in providing a motive power in propelling craft of many kinds up or down the river. If the Thames were deprived of the scouring action of its tides no one could possibly foresee the effect on the shoals below the barrage or on the accumulation of silt above it.

A Practical Objection

But the objection of the Port of London was of a more immediate and practical kind. Even then (more than 30 years ago) the river could only just accommodate all the vessels and various craft that had to pass up and down. If a barrage were erected vessels could only pass through it by means of locks, and the delay would be such that the blocks of vessels at the dock gates would ruin the Port of London.

The meeting broke up almost immediately after this, and no more was heard of any such scheme for a number of years. The idea has nevertheless great powers of revival, and may be heard of again. In the meantime old Father Thames goes rolling along.

Continued from the previous column

of Neptune, for the real world is several thousand miles in front. We see it where it *was* about four hours before; where it *is*, however, may be easily inferred from the diameter of Neptune's disc, which is about 33,000 miles.

A world where the Sun appears only as a very bright star which bestows 900 times less heat and light than the Earth receives may not appear to have many attractions for us, but so infinite are the adaptations of Mother Nature that Neptune may be a lovely place beneath its great canopy of clouds if, as appears to be the case, it has plenty of internal heat near the surface.

G. F. M.



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What Has Happened Before

Dick, who lives with his brother, a railway surveyor, at Villadonga on the north coast of Spain, goes out fishing with a fisherman named Pablo.

They anchor the boat off The Cave of the Angels, a natural grotto in the cliffs. The anchor gets caught by something small; it is a human skull.

Dick is greatly excited, but Pablo will not discuss the matter.

CHAPTER 3

The Cave of the Angels

Dick spent his mornings with the village priest, Father Juan, learning Latin and Greek.

He loved to learn anything new, and so the grown-ups around him—people being always ready to explain whatever interests them most—taught him all they could. Pablo taught him fishing and how to sail a boat. Hal taught him how and where to camp in the wild mountains. The wine merchant showed him how to make barrels. And Dona Mariquita, who was the widow of a Spanish grandee and had a daughter of about Dick's own age, taught him to play the guitar.

Father Juan was tall and thin and very courteous. He had a high forehead and a wide, gentle mouth. He treated all people as if they were his equals. He would talk to Dick about his troubles in the parish and to Pablo about medieval manuscripts. They loved him because he did it so naturally; it never occurred to him that they did not know as much as he. Yet Father Juan was not a bore, for he talked in such a clear and simple way that his listeners could always grasp the subject and be interested by it too.

That morning in the priest's library they did, as usual, an hour's Latin and an hour's Greek. Then arrived the period to which Dick always looked forward: a break of a quarter of an hour while Father Juan discoursed on whatever happened to be in his mind—politics or fishing or the latest news from far-off America or the history of Asturias. Dick used to lead him on, for as often as not Father Juan would seem to forget all about the third hour of lessons which was still to come.

"Well, my son," he would say after the hour had passed in talk, "we've decided whether we think that King Pelayo really drove the Moors out of Asturias or not. That is time well spent."

And Dick, learning all the while, would feel that he really had decided something.

When the break came that morning Father Juan said with a smile:

"I suppose you're bursting to hear all about the Cave of the Angels, Ricardito."

"You do know all about it, don't you, padre?" asked Dick eagerly.

"Not much more than you do, really," answered the priest. "From time immemorial there has been a belief along the coast that the Cave of the Angels is in some way dangerous. I expect that one of the early Christian missionaries in Asturias gave it its name to try to make the people less afraid of it."

"But why should they think it dangerous?" asked Dick.

"No reason at all that I know of. I don't think a man or a boat has ever been lost there. But often nets and anchors have brought up bones and pieces of iron and old weapons. It wouldn't surprise me if there were an undersea current setting into the cliff which sweeps up all the loose matter on the rock bottom. Do you think that's possible, Dick? You know the coast round here pretty well."

"It might be," answered Dick, flattered at the natural way in which Father Juan asked his opinion; "but there's no surface current, and a ledge runs out under water from the cliff, so that the sea is only about twenty feet deep at low tide."

"It's more than that right below the cave," said Father Juan.

"What!" exclaimed Dick. "Have you sounded it?"

"I tried to. But in one place I couldn't find bottom at fifty fathoms."

"I don't believe even Pablo knows that," Dick said admiringly. "What were you doing there, padre?"

"As the humble priest of this parish," replied Father Juan simply, "it's my duty to find out all I can about it."

There and then Dick firmly made up his mind to investigate the Cave of the Angels and its surroundings for himself. But he

Serial Story by Geoffrey Household

wanted to know more of what he might expect to meet there.

"Father Juan, you don't think there's anything in what the village believes? You don't think the cave is haunted, do you?"

Father Juan looked him full in the face with gentle, steady eyes.

"I know it is not," he answered with absolute certainty. "You shouldn't believe the old wives' tales, Ricardito. There is nothing in all creation that a boy with a brave heart and a clear conscience need fear."

"Well, I don't," replied Dick. "I just wanted to hear you say so, though."

And for the rest of the hour Father Juan told him all the horrible folk-tales of Asturias, and then explained every one of them away.

"Hm," said Father Juan, looking at his watch, "now that we've decided there are no such things as ghosts I suppose we'd better have some lunch."

CHAPTER 4

Dick Accepts a Challenge

IN the afternoon Dick went to call on Dona Mariquita. She was not in, but her daughter was.

Twelve-year-old Maria de los Dolores Pelayo y Carvacal de Torrelavega, Condesa de Ribadasella, direct descendant of the very King Pelayo who had won back Asturias for the Christians, was churning butter in the dairy. To her friends she was known as plain Lola Pelayo. The villagers called her *la condesita*, the little countess. Father Juan occasionally addressed her by one or all of her titles.

She was a slip of a long-legged girl, as delicate as a flower on a long, wavy stalk. She had a pale ivory skin, masses of straight black hair, and dark blue eyes. She was loveliest when she was very thoughtful or very angry. At other times she looked the mischievous little imp that she was. Although she was a countess she and her mother had hardly any money; but they lived well, for they owned three cows, some chickens, a garden full of fruit, and a

house that five hundred years earlier had belonged to the captain of the Count of Ribadasella's guard.

"Hello, Lola!" said Dick.

"Hola, Ricardito! What's new?"

"Haven't you heard? Pablo and I found a skull below the Cave of the Angels."

"Ricardito!" Lola cut him short with a little imperious wave of her hand. "Don't tell me about that. I don't want to hear."

"What's there to be afraid of in an old skull?" said Dick in his most superior manner. "Why, it had barnacles on it!"

"You horrid little heathen!" Lola cried. "I'm not a heathen!" declared Dick indignantly. "My grandfather was a bishop. He wore a skirt!"

"My grandfather had a great-grandfather whose great-grandfather governed all America," remarked Lola quietly. If Dick was going to bring ancestors into the argument he hadn't a chance of competing.

"One of those chaps who were always being beaten by the English?" asked Dick.

"They weren't beaten!" Lola exclaimed. "And the English were pirates! And when they were caught they were hung!"

"I suppose you haven't heard of Drake," said Dick sarcastically.

"Of course I have! He was a heathen pirate who sacked towns when there wasn't any war going on!"

"He beat the Spaniards anyway," Dick said.

"Of course he did," answered Lola. "Because we weren't expecting him. It wasn't fair."

"Bosh!" said Dick, giving up the argument. "And I'd rather be a heathen pirate than believe there's a ghost in the Cave of the Angels that eats people!"

"Will you stop?" cried Lola, putting her hands over her ears. "I tell you I don't want to talk about it. It's unlucky."

"Fancy being a countess and afraid of ghosts!" jeered Dick.

"Well, if you aren't afraid of them go and spend a night in the cave!" snapped Lola, her blue eyes flashing with temper.

"I will," said Dick. "I'll go tonight. You see if I don't!"

He marched out of the dairy, whistling. Lola laughed at him till he was out of sight. Then she sat down on the floor and cried, with her head resting on the edge of a tub of milk and her two long black plaits floating on the surface.

JACKO TRIES TO MAKE A FORTUNE

JACKO's spill on the ice had weakened his ankle, so he could not go skating when the frosts came again.

"Just my luck!" he grunted as he shivered by the pond, watching the others. But it was too cold to stand about long, and he presently went back into the town.

Mr Crabbe, the fishmonger, was doing gymnastics to try to get warm.



Out rushed a great stream

"You don't need ice to keep your fish on this weather," grinned Jacko.

"Don't I?" retorted Mr Crabbe. "It costs a lot to get it too."

Jacko was quickly interested. "How much?" he asked.

The man told him, and Jacko walked off full of a new idea. "Coo!" he cried. "What price me for an ice merchant!"

All that afternoon Jacko collected sackfuls of ice and stacked them in a corner of the woodshed.

"Enough to supply old Crabbe for weeks," he muttered, surveying his pile as he flung the last lot down. "I'll get some more tomorrow."

But the next day a thaw set in, so there was no ice about. Jacko also had one of his "bad days" at school, and was kept in so late that he only got home as his father was entering the gate.

"Bless me, what's this?" exclaimed Father Jacko, as a great stream of water ran down the path to meet them.

"Bathroom tap running!" cried Jacko, dashing upstairs.



It wasn't! So he promptly scampered down again to find his father still tracking the stream.

Suddenly Jacko had an awful thought. "Hold on, Dad!" he yelled, making for the woodshed.

But Father Jacko got there first. Swish! Out rushed a stream which nearly sent him staggering.

"So that's the mischief, is it?" roared Father, shaking his stick furiously at the melting ice.

Jacko's visions of a fortune melted too. The only reward he got for his trouble was one he didn't want—and that his father gave him!

Dick had intended to stand watch over the cave in the daytime, not at night. But he had accepted the dare, and there was no getting out of it. Anyway, he did not think he would be very frightened. Many a time he had been on and about the cliffs after nightfall. With Hal he had bathed in the coves by moonlight, and, though it was forbidden, had sometimes slipped out on hot nights to bathe by himself.

"I'll show her!" he declared, kicking an empty can that lay in his path so that it shot over the hedge like a bullet.

Dick had a lot of plain common sense. The one thing that annoyed him about his friends—all except Father Juan—was their superstition. When Pablo wouldn't let him whistle in the boat because it was unlucky, or Paca stuck a needle in his coat to keep witches away, Dick longed to make fun of them. But as he had caught something of the Spanish politeness he never said what he thought. He was wickedly glad that he had to spend a night in the Cave of the Angels; it would shock everybody, and be a kind of revenge for all the times he had kept his mouth shut.

Hal, he knew, would not be home that night. He was far up in the mountains, planning the course of the line which, burrowing under the peaks and spanning the torrents and zig-zagging up the slopes, would link Villadonga and its valley to the rest of Spain. As for Paca, she would be none the wiser if he stayed out all night.

He had supper, sitting all alone at the head of the long, massive dining-table. Then he went up to his room and waited until he heard Paca go to bed. Soon afterwards the sound of her hearty snores rumbled along the corridors of the house. Dick crept down the stairs, which creaked so that anyone but Paca would have been awakened, and explored the larder. He filled a leather bottle with water, and cut himself a foot of chorizo, hard, highly spiced sausage, that was easy to carry and always tasted better out of doors than it did in the house. Hal had impressed it on him long since that he should never go alone into wild country without food and water; for, said Hal, one never knows what may happen.

"One never knows what may happen," repeated Dick to himself as he slung the leather bottle at his waist and dropped the sausage into his shirt—a bad habit he had learned from Pablo.

Cutting across the fields to avoid meeting any of the villagers, he soon hit the grass track that followed the valley behind the cliffs. Villadonga lay on a narrow strip of low-lying plain, which ran for miles between the cliffs and the mountains. In places there were streams, and fields where cattle pastured, but most of the plain was covered with great white boulders and broken by rocky holes full of sea water which had come up underground.

Some two miles inland the ground rose sharply, soaring up to the Cantabrian Mountains—the Peaks of Europe, as the Spaniards call them—which formed an unbroken line of precipices where wolves and boars lived undisturbed. No railway and only the roughest roads crossed them, so that Villadonga was cut off from the world. The easiest way of getting to the villages of the little plain was by sea; but by sea few strangers came. The liners and the deep-sea fishing fleets passed far out, for there were no commercial ports within fifty miles.

Dick easily threaded his way between the boulders and round the coves, for he knew the path. It was about five miles from Villadonga to the Cave of the Angels, and after an hour-and-a-half's walking he guessed he must be close by it. He turned off the path and climbed the gentle slope to his left until the ground stopped short as if cut by a knife. There below him was the Atlantic, calm and dark save for the white phosphorescent patches where a ripple plashed on a rock or a fish broke the surface.

The cave lay a little to his right, halfway down the cliff. A faint gleam of light shone from its mouth, and instantly Dick dropped on his stomach to watch. Then he remembered St Andrew; maybe someone had lighted a candle before the image. He had seen stumps of candles there before. He climbed cautiously down the cliff and peered into the cave.

That was it. A candle was burning down in front of the saint, and his thin face, carved by some unknown artist in the Middle Ages, seemed to smile less sternly in the flickering light. As Dick entered the cave the candle went out.

TO BE CONTINUED



Dear Johnny Ginger,

I did ask Dad to let me join your Junior Book Club. And what's more, he did!

I wrote and said what kind of books I liked, and how old I was and all that, and got Dad to give me a cheque straight away to send in my letter.

By the way, you didn't say that they let you choose the book you want from a list they send you. It's a jolly good plan. I chose a ripping new story for February about a slave trying to escape in America and clipper ships racing round the Horn, and I got a book plate too (you never told me about that either).

Which book did you choose? You might let me know.

George.

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A Free Dinner

SEVEN men dined at regular intervals at a certain restaurant. The first visited it every day, the second every second day, the third every third day, and so on.

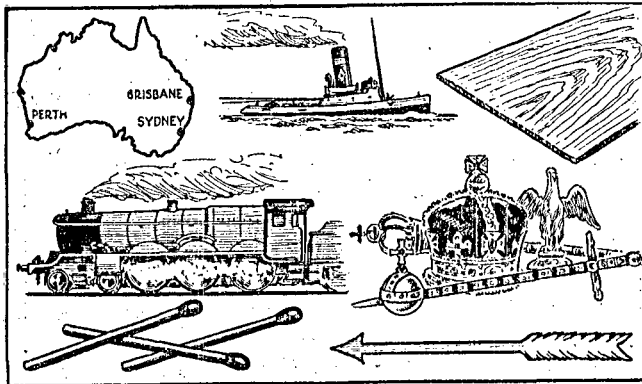
One day the proprietor declared that he would give a free meal to all these seven customers on the first day that they all arrived together. They continued their regular visits and at last they all arrived on the same day. When was this?

Answer next week

Wise Things That Seem Foolish

PERHAPS you have smiled sometimes to see the teapot made hot before the water is poured in to make the tea, but it is the only way of making tea properly. It requires the temperature of water actually boiling to extract the full flavour from tea-leaves, and

Poster Stamp Double Acrostic in Pictures



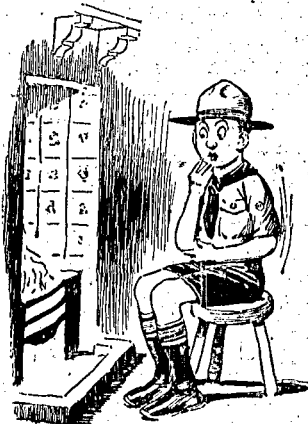
FIND the seven words represented by these drawings and write them one under another in such order that the initial and final letters spell two of the places in the C.N. Poster Stamp Album. Answer next week

a cold teapot would take some of the heat from the water as it was poured in and reduce it instantly from boiling-point.

A Chance

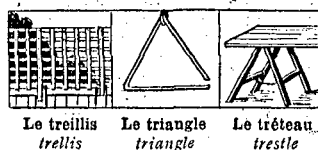
THE important-looking young man just down from Cambridge condescended to carry on a conversation with the office boy while waiting to see the big man. "Do you think there is likely to be an opening here for a University man?" he asked. "There soon will be if they don't raise my screw," was the reply.

A Problem



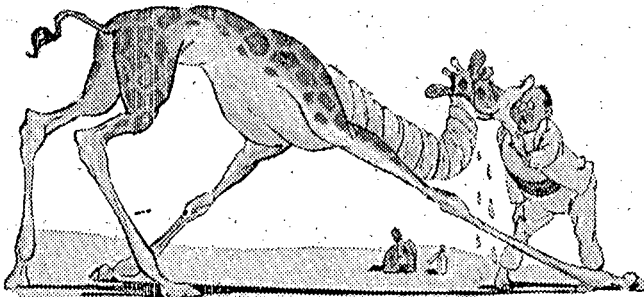
It's really rather galling to my pride As a fairly intelligent Scout To think I am unable to decide Where the fire goes when it goes out.

Ici On Parle Français



Le treillis nous sert de clôture. Le son du triangle est agréable. Les tréteaux soutiennent la table.

The Perfectly Preposterous



THIS creature has a liquid eye, a sort of chessboard coat, And a perfectly preposterously elongated throat. The agonies it goes through when its throat is ulcerated Can scarcely be imagined and, still less, be calmly stated.

Beheaded

I AM a fish both neat and clever, And in the crystal streams I play; If you my head and shoulders sever You'll find me out as clear as day.

Answer next week

chequer the other. Thus, if any dispute arose the taxpayer could produce his half and the notches on it could be checked to see if they tallied with the Exchequer's half. Tally sticks from the days of Edward the First are still preserved in the House of Commons.

Disaster

BIGGS: Haven't seen you for ages, old man. HIGGS: I've been in bed for two months.

BIGGS: Sorry to hear that. HIGGS: I suppose? HIGGS: Yes; and crashed!

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Saturn are in the South-West, and Mars and Neptune are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 p.m. on Friday, March 8.

Satisfied

HE called the waiter to his table. "This fish is not too fresh," he complained. "No, sir," replied the waiter. "It's just right."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

How Many Weights? Six weights—1, 2, 4, 8, 16, and 32 lbs respectively.

Tangled Towns

Worcester, Newcastle, Durham, Preston, Southampton, Plymouth.

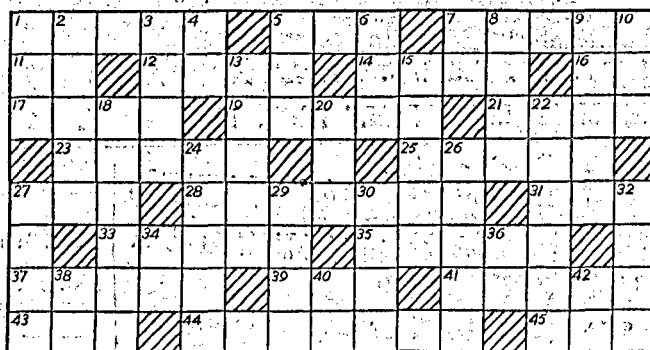
A Charade. Blockhead

Poster Stamp Picture Puzzle. Anchor, Duck, Nest, Tree, Knot, Eye, Signal, Oar, Log, Wing, Feather—Folkestone, Deal, Seaton, Wells.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

Asterisks among the clues below indicate abbreviations. Answer next week.

Reading Across. 1. Musical instrument. 5. Small island in a river. 7. Usually surrounded by water. 11. Pronoun. 12. An augury. 14. A detail. 16. French for the. 17. Portion. 19. Poisonous snake. 21. Repulsive. 23. Onion-like vegetables. 25. So-called King of the Air. 27. A needle has this. 28. Useful when making clothes. 31. Industrious insect. 33. Victuals. 35. Made of ash. 37. Perfume. 39. An animal's foot. 41. Tree which bears purple berries. 43. A high-pointed rock. 44. Maxims. 45. To perceive.



Reading Down. 1. A seed. 2. Country of Southern Europe. 3. A letter. 4. Order of Merit. 5. Conjunction. 6. To bind. 7. That is. 8. Self-satisfied. 9. Girl's name. 10. To speak. 13. Made comfortable. 15. Large plants. 18. A kind of coat. 20. Accomplished. 22. Cells secreting fluid. 24. Nautical speed measures. 26. The fire leaves these. 27. Where the Sun rises. 29. To discern. 30. A grass patch. 32. A rubber hoop. 34. Above and touching. 36. Electric light. 38. Company. 40. The three-toed sloth. 42. Early English.

The Walking-Stick

DESMOND was great friends with old Jake the hedge-cutter. Jake often tidied up the hedges and cut the grass in Desmond's lane, and used to show him the best way to cut hedges and make them grow thick.

But what Desmond admired most were Jake's walking-sticks. The old man would cut a straight ash or hazel sapling and shape it, and then he would carve an old man's face out of the knobby head, or sometimes an animal. He brought one that he was making for Desmond to see; it had a monkey's head beautifully carved on it.

"Isn't it lovely!" cried Desmond, holding it enviously.

"Do they cost a lot of money, Jake?" he asked.

"Well, the gentleman's giving me five shillings for that," said Jake.

"Ooh, what a lot!" breathed Desmond.

"Well, you see, Master Desmond, it takes me a goodly time."

"If I had one," said Desmond, "I should like a goblin, with pointed ears and a grinny mouth," answered Desmond.

"Like the faces on the church spouts, I spect," said the old man.

But Desmond was too busy telling him about his birthday and the lovely railway-engine his daddy was going to give him to answer.

On the morning of Desmond's birthday he saw from



"It's a real goblin!" he cried

the window that Jake was busy in front of the house. "I must go and show Jake my engine," he cried.

The old man admired the engine very much; then he turned to the bank where his basket was lying and picked up a stick.

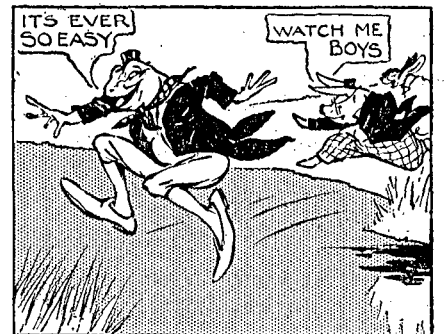
"And that's to wish you many happy returns, Master Desmond," he said, putting a walking-stick into Desmond's hands.

Desmond could hardly speak, so greatly was he surprised, for Jake had given him a real walking-stick just his size, and the knob was carved into a little head with sharp ears and a very grinny mouth!

"Oh, Jake, it's a real goblin!" he cried with delight.

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

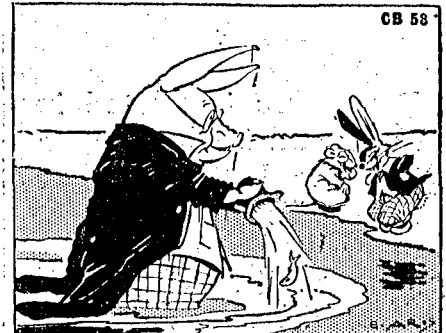
Pie-Porker makes a splash



When the Cococubs were out for a walk, they came to a stream. "We'll have to find a bridge," cried Pie-Porker. "No, let's jump across, it's easy," laughed Freddy.



The fishes were very surprised. And Mr. Porker was very wet. "I'm not such a jumper as I used to be," he moaned. But he did get to the other side—he paddled!



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There's a toy in every tin of The CHILDREN'S Bournville Cocoa

Have you got Freddy Frog yet?